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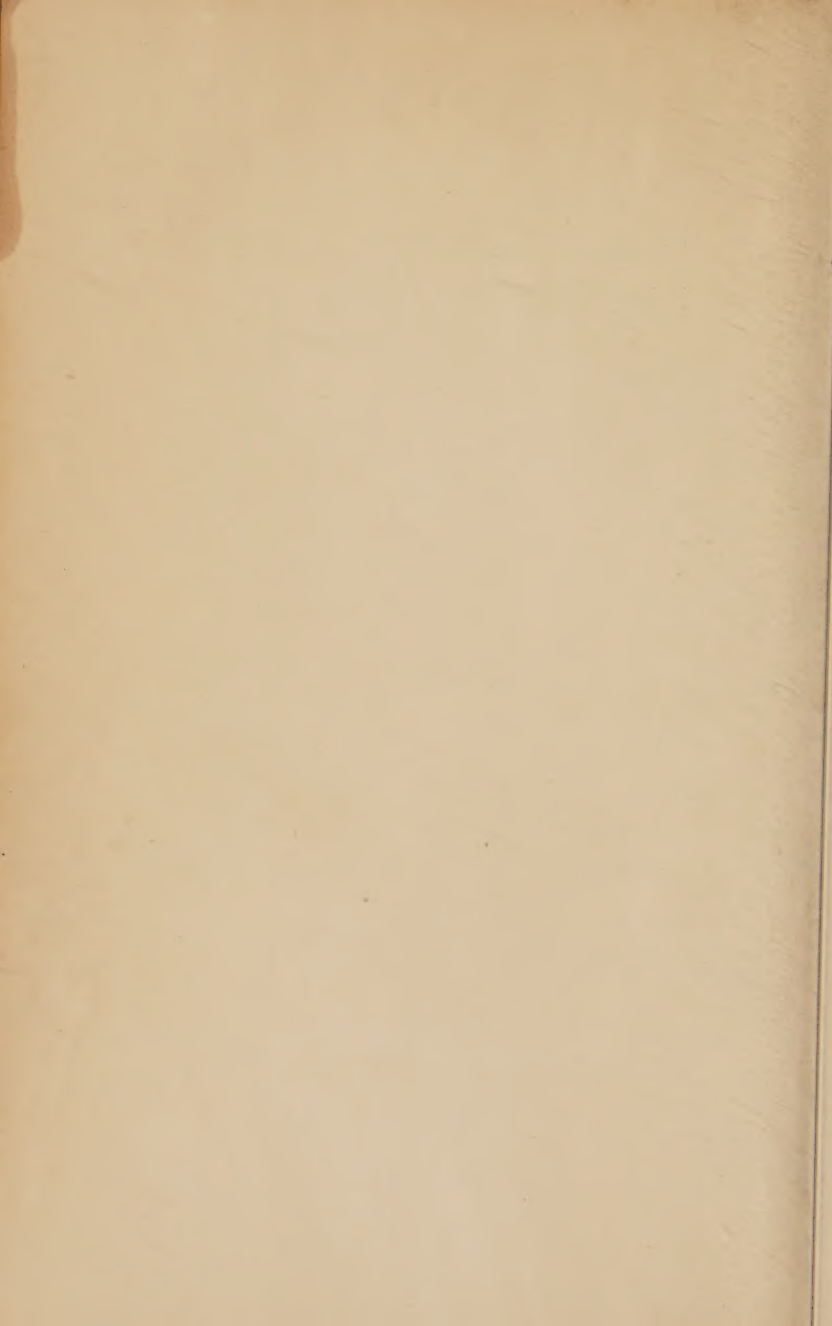
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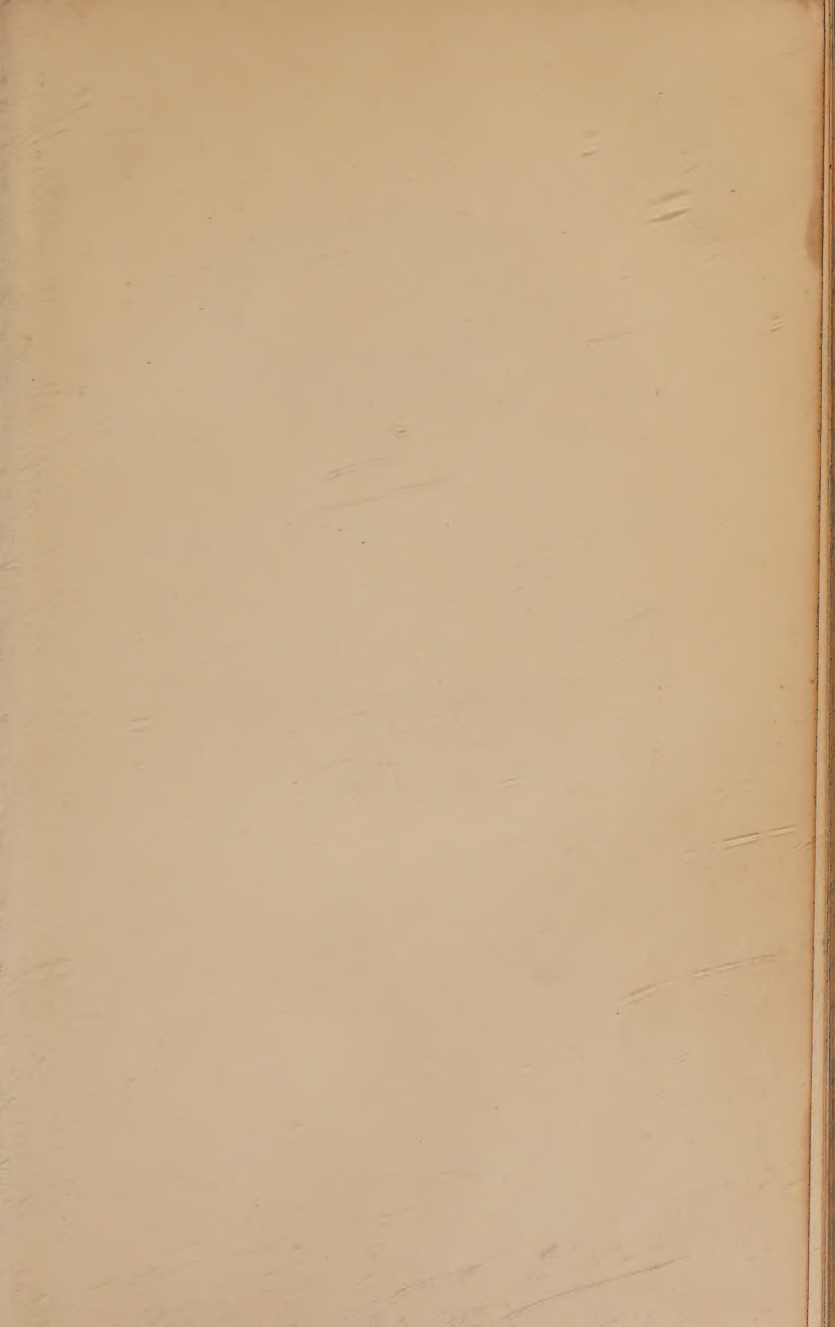
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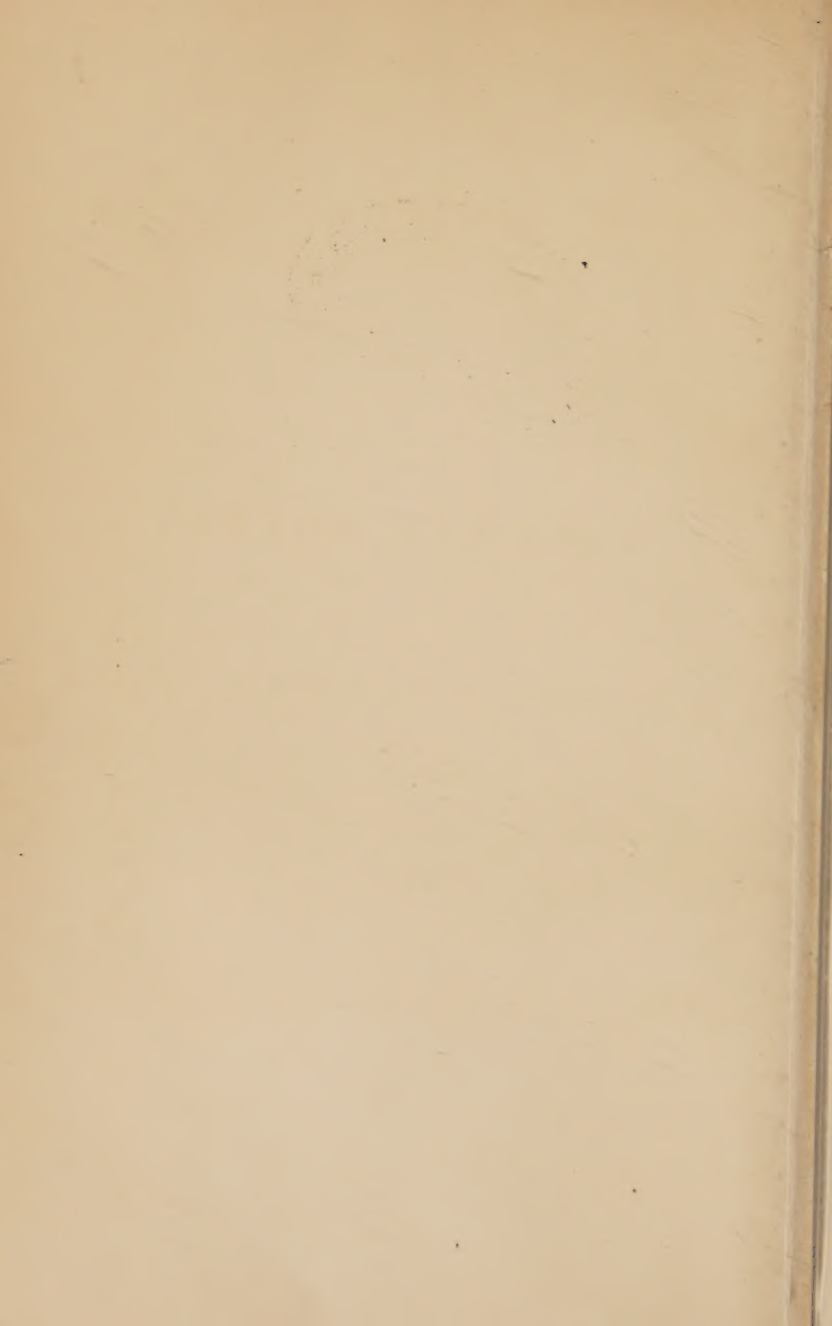
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STIRLING DISTRICT LIBRARY

Vol. I.









THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS CAMPBELL.
VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.





Sir Tho. Lawrence, P.R.A. pinxt.

Jas. Burnet, sculp.

Tho. Campbell Esq.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

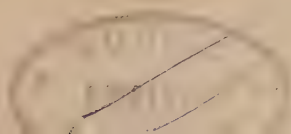
VOL. I.



LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1828.



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CAMPBELL'S BIRTHPLACE.

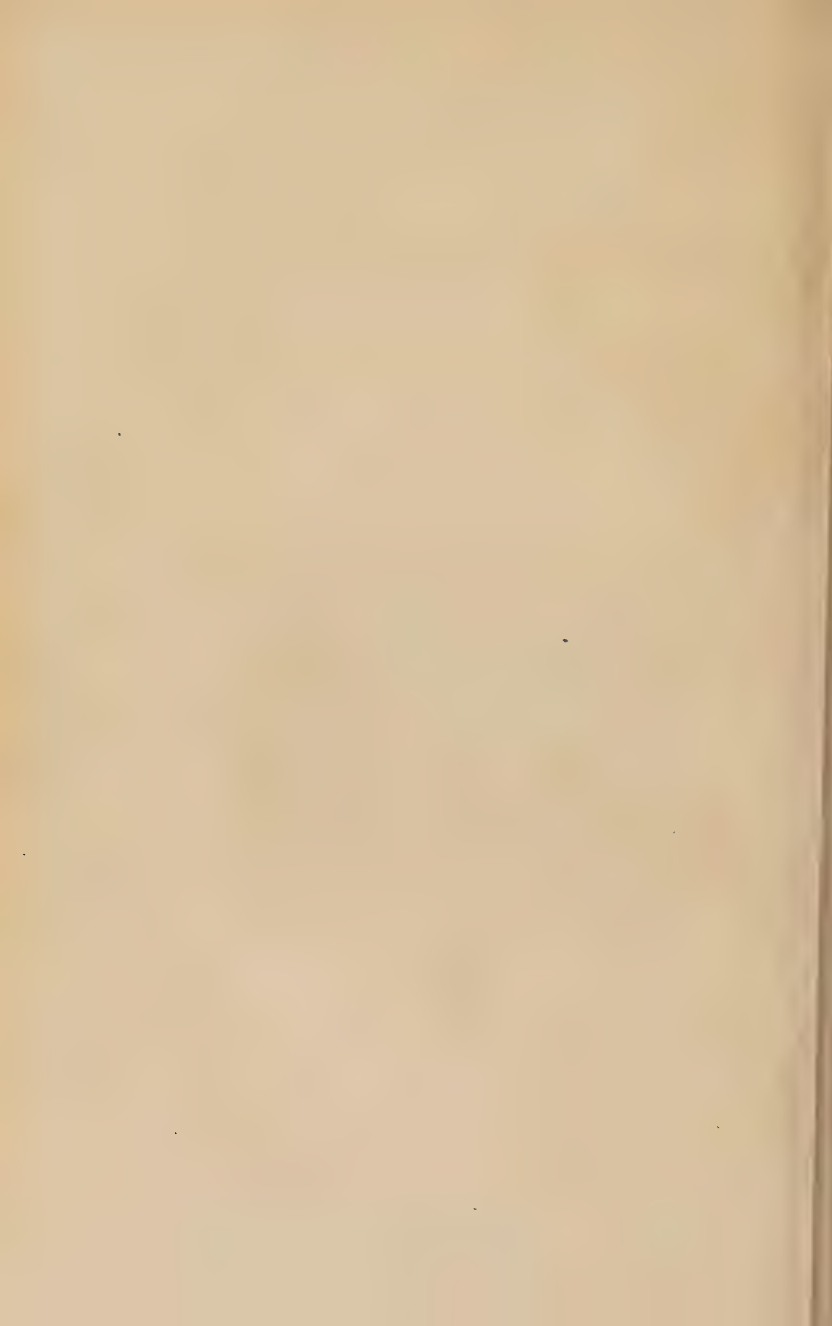
30 Lime Street, Octlands Square,
Glasgow, June 18.

Sir,—In reply to "Loebner's" inquiry as to the birthplace of Thomas Campbell, author of "Pleasures of Hope," a manuscript of the late R. v. Dr Norman Macleod, of the Barony, dated 1856, stated that old Glasgow mansion at the south-west corner of Nicholas and High Streets was the residence of the poet's father—the poet having been born in the parlour. The parlour of the mansion is now a tobacconist's shop, and the windows are still extant. I quote the MS. from memory. It was addressed to my father, who lived and had commercial transactions in the locality since 1826, the date on which Campbell defeated Sir Walter Scott for the rector's chair in the university,—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM MORRISON.

THE
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.



ANALYSIS OF PART I.

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate...the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated...an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind...the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress...the seaman on his watch...the soldier marching into battle...allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste...domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness...picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep...pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery, a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society...the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations...from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas, we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence...description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague...apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement...the wrongs of Africa...the barbarous policy of Europeans in India...prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.



PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;

Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly pow'r,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly
light,

That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,

And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval HOPE, the Aëonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below,
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car,
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But HOPE, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world — a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;

Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower ;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring !
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought
away.

Angel of life ! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest
shore.

Lo ! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields ;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world !

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles :

Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow ;
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay ;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep :
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul ;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind ;

Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave ! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power ;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line,
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil ;
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,

Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore —
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men ;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of Nature but the form ;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar,
The moon's pale planet and the northern star ;
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore ;

Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend !^b

Congenial HOPE ! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour !
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

“ Go, child of Heav'n ! (thy winged words proclaim)

'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame !
Lo ! Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers ev'ry star !
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye !
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound ;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string. ”

“The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers,^d
His winged insects, and his rosy flowers ;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain—
So once, at Heav’n’s command, the wand’rers came
To Eden’s shade, and heard their various name.

“Far from the world, in yon sequester’d clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime ;
Calm as the fields of Heav’n his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage :
‘ Shall Nature bound to Earth’s diurnal span
The fire of God, th’ immortal soul of man ?’

“Turn, child of Heav’n, thy rapture-lighten’d eye
To Wisdom’s walks, the sacred Nine are nigh :
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian
height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,

Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell ;
Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow,
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

“ Beloved of Heav'n ! the smiling Muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head ;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath ;
Enquire of guilty wand'ers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name ;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

“ When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy ;

A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall ;
While Beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

“ Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream :
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile ;—
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief ?
And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief ?

“ Yes ; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,
And pow'r on earth to plead the cause of Heaven ;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.

The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth,
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan ;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

“ Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel marched along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path,—a never-setting star :
So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine.”

Propitious Power ! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy ;
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same --

Oh, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses grey,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call'd from Heaven propitious dew to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy —
“ Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy :
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine ;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine ;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul ; but, ah ! more blest than he !
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“ And say, when summon'd from the world
and thee

I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near ?

Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed ;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe ?”

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply ;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name ;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear ;
How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while
At every artless tear, and every smile !

How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

Where is the troubled heart, consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day !
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board ;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow.
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.


Chide not his peace, proud Reason ! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
Hark ! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail ;

She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that
bore,

Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening
gaze :

Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till Memory fled her agonizing brain ;—
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow ;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return ;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.



And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by,
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!—
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

HOPE ! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chaunts a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk ;
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's op'ning day ;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,

And silence watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Lybian groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murd'rous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies^z—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barb'rous hordes on Scythian mountains
 roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home ;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines^h,
Truth shall pervade the unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.—
Hark ! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd !
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh ! sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased a while,
And HOPE, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet
horn ;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !ⁱ

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh ! Heaven ! he cried, my bleeding country save !—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men ! our country yet remains !
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high !
And swear for her to live !—with her to die !

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd ;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply ;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm !—

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew :—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career ;—
HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as KOSCIUSKO fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wide cry of horror and dismay !
Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry !

Oh! righteous Heaven ! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save ?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance ! where thy rod
That smote the foes of Zion and of God ;
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar ?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast ;

Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own !
Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN !

Yes ! thy proud lords, unpitied land ! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free !
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns ;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven !
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world !

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark ;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue ;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius, and the powers of man ;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine :—
“ Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants ! in vain ye trace the wizard ring ;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring :
What ! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep ?
No !—the wild wave contemns your scepter'd hand :
—It roll'd not back when Canute gave command !

Man ! can thy doom no brighter soul allow ?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow ?

Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd ?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world ?
What ! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied ?
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died ?—

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name !
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre !
Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valour tuned, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song :
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms !
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell !
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valour left the world—to live no more ?

No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye ?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls ?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm ?

Yes ! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay !

Yes ! there are hearts, Prophetic HOPE may
trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth ;
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,

Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below !

And say, supernal Powers ! who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Lybian's adamantine bands ?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil
The blood, the tears, the anguish and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free !

Yet, yet, degraded men ! th' expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away ;
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,
And holy men give Scripture for the deed ;
Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward ; yes, because a slave !—

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fix'd the trembling
land,

When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heavenly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!
No homeless Lybian, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep!—

Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The quiver'd chief of Congo loved to reign;
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;

Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own !
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man !

The plunderer came !—alas ! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles ;
For ever fall'n ! no son of Nature now,
With Freedom charter'd on his manly brow !
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for ever more
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore !

The shrill horn blew ;^k at that alarum knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell !
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind !
Poor fetter'd man ! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe !

Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbour there
Awish but death—a passion but despair?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires!
So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh!
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty!

But not to Lybia's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!—
Ye orient realms, where Gange's waters run!
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!
How long your tribes have trembled and obey'd!
How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd,¹
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Raged o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory scymitar,—

Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale !
Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perish'd for his name ;
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour !

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape ;^m
Children of Brama ! then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye ?
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons cross'd the Indian wave ?
Ah, no !—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The nurse of Freedom gave it not to you !
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van !

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade ! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries ;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
While famish'd nations died along the shore :
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair ;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame !

But hark ! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals ;
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds that awe the list'ning mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

“ Foes of mankind ! (her guardian spirits say,)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,

When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world ;
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again !
He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm !
Wide waves his flickering sword ; his bright arms
glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below !
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
Are shook ; and Nature rocks beneath his tread !

“ To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ;

To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avatar comes ! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand !
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,^p
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime !—
Come, Heavenly Powers ! primeval peace restore !
Love !—Mercy !—Wisdom !—rule for evermore !”

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE
PLEASURES 'OF HOPE.

PART II.

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

APOSTROPHE to the power of Love its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love was superadded to its other blessings the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful feature she could find a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution .. the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts allusion to the fate of a suicide.... episode of Conrad and Ellenore conclusion.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.

IN joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own ?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh ?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name ?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow !
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd :—

But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few !
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you !
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between ;
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet ;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet !

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead ?
No ; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy !
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh ! what were man ?—a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower !
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air ;

In vain the wild-bird caroll'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep ;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd ;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee ;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad !—the garden was a wild !
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled !

True, the sad power to generous hearts may
bring

Delirious anguish on his fiery wing ;
Barr'd from delight by fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command ;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn ;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review,
Of joys that faded like the morning dew ;

Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream !

But can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius brightening into day ?—
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !—
If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine,
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine !
But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage :

Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace ;)
Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece.
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face ;
And as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasured all their
smiles ;

Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when combined!

Love on the picture smiled! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there — and Greece adored!

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy! gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye! —

And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep ;
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green ;
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around.

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns ;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away ;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile
To watch the dying notes !—and start, and smile !

Let Winter come ! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep !

Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the
storm,

Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day !
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall !

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by Nature mark'd his own ;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began !
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man !

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home ;

And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale !
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky-way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile —
Thy woes, Arion !^b and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail !
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toil'd — and shriek'd — and perish'd on the
wave !

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep ;

There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father blest his darling child !
Oh ! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died !

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimed
The robber Moor,^c and pleads for all his crimes !
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,
His hand blood-stain'd, but ever, ever dear !
Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,
And wept and pray'd perdition from his sword !
Nor sought in vain ! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of Nature crack'd with agony !
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world !

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the
wheel —

Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute ;
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend, from age to age !

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood ;
There shall he pause with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died — that Cæsar might be great !^d
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore ;
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk — and groan'd his last !
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum !
Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang !
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,

The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh !
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld — nor shudder'd at the sight !

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And HOPE attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night. thy visions of the day !
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year ;
In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know ;
For, as Iona's saint,^f a giant form,
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm,
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind,)

Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore ;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind
This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main ;
Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran ;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The throne of God,—the centre of the world !

Oh ! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive HOPE hath but a Syren tongue !
True ; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part, like Ajut—never to return !^g

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
The grief and passions of our greener age,

Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flower that hail'd the dawning of the day ;
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she love them still !

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child !
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smiled on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy !
My Absalom ! the voice of Nature cried :
Oh ! that for thee thy father could have died !
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom ! — my son ! — my son !

Unfading HOPE ! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
Oh ! then, thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !

What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die !
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun !
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;

And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day !
The strife is o'er — the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,

When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose ;
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamant car ;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun !
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;

And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God !

Oh ! lives there, Heaven ! beneath thy dread
expanse,

One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefin'd,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'rest of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?—
There live, alas ! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man ! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower ;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,

Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing!
Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of

Heaven?

Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!

Ah me ! the laurell'd wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain ?
I smile on death, if Heaven-ward HOPE remain !
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour ;
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while ;
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain !
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb !
Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—

How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart !
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field ;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd !
Oh ! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale !
There, as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan !
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the
clouds.

Poor lost Alonzo ! Fate's neglected child !
Mild be the doom of Heaven — as thou wert mild !
For oh ! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo ! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier !
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground !

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave — oh ! leave the light of HOPE behind !
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm — when pleasures lose the power to
please !

Yes ; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee :
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea —
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,

Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy !—
But why so short is Love's delighted hour ?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower ?
Why can no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel ?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate ?—

No ! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone !
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls ;
When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years ;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe ?

No ! but a brighter soothes the last adieu, —
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you !
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again !

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu !
Daughter of Conrad ! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell !
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney-cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee ?
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part ;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe ;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time !

“ And weep not thus,” he cried, “ young Ellenore,

My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more !
Short shall this half-extinguish’d spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return !
But not, my child, with life’s precarious fire,
The immortal ties of nature shall expire ;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o’er, and worlds have pass’d away !
Cold in the dust this perish’d heart may lie,
But that which warm’d it once shall never die !
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy’s interminable years,
Unveil’d by darkness — unassuaged by tears !

“ Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom’d to weep ;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,

This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part !
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony !

“ Farewell ! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear :
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled ;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze ;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er ?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore ?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied ?
Ah ! no ; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude !
O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,
And smile on Innocence, for Mercy's sake ! ”

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee !
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart ?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream ?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd when life was new ?

Eternal HOPE ! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decay'd ;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below ;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile !

NOTES.

ON PART I.

NOTE ², p. 11.

*And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.*

The following picture of his own distress, given by BYRON in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in page 11.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus :—"A day or two
" after we put to sea again, and crossed the great
" bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of
" when we first hauled away to the westward.
" The land here was very low and sandy, and
" something like the mouth of a river which dis-

“ charged itself into the sea, and which had been
“ taken no notice of by us before, as it was so
“ shallow that the Indians were obliged to take
“ every thing out of their canoes, and carry them
“ over land. We rowed up the river four or five
“ leagues, and then took into a branch of it that
“ ran first to the eastward, and then to the north-
“ ward: here it became much narrower, and the
“ stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but
“ little way, though we wrought very hard. At
“ night we landed upon its banks, and had a most
“ uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp,
“ and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained
“ excessively. The Indians were little better off
“ than we, as there was no wood here to make
“ their wigwams; so that all they could do was to
“ prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom
“ of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well
“ as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing
“ the difficulties they had to encounter here, they
“ had provided themselves with some seal; but
“ we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fa-
“ tiges of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw
“ the Indians make use of, which was very disa-

“ greeable to the taste. We laboured all next day
“ against the stream, and fared as we had done the
“ day before. The next day brought us to the car-
“ rying place. Here was plenty of wood, but no-
“ thing to be got for sustenance. We passed this
“ night, as we had frequently done, under a tree ;
“ but what we suffered at this time is not easy to
“ be expressed. I had been three days at the oar
“ without any kind of nourishment except the
“ wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt,
“ for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes
“ consisted of a short grieko (something like a
“ bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once
“ been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trowsers,
“ without shoes or stockings.”

NOTE ^b, p. 12.

———— *a Briton and a friend.*

Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

NOTE ^c, p. 12.

Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschell, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

NOTE ^d, p. 13.

The Swedish sage.

Linnæus.

NOTE ^e, p. 14.

Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow.

Loxias is the name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers; it is met with more than once in the Chœphoræ of Æschylus.

NOTE ^f, p. 15.

Unlocks a generous store at thy command,

Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.

See Exodus, chap. xvii. 3, 5, 6.

NOTE ^g, p. 24.

Wild Obi flies.

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is

believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have, therefore, personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirits of their religious creed by a different appellation.

NOTE ^h, p. 24.

————— *Sibir's dreary mines.*

Mr. Bell of Antermomy, in his Travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

NOTE ⁱ, p. 25.

Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

NOTE ^k, p. 34.

The shrill horn blew.

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

NOTE ^l, p. 35.

How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd?

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, a work of elegance and celebrity.

“ The impostor of Mecca had established, as one
“ of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of
“ extending it either by persuasion, or the sword,
“ to all parts of the earth. How steadily this in-
“ junction was adhered to by his followers, and
“ with what success it was pursued, is well known
“ to all who are in the least conversant in history.

“ The same overwhelming torrent which had
“ inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its
“ way into the very heart of Europe, and covering
“ many kingdoms of Asia, with unbounded desola-
“ tion, directed its baneful course to the flourish-
“ ing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce
“ and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement

“ had been in the science of destruction, who
“ added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages
“ of war, found the great end of their conquest
“ opposed, by objects which neither the ardour
“ of their persevering zeal, nor savage barba-
“ rity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacri-
“ ficed by the cruel hand of religious persecution,
“ and whole countries were deluged in blood, in
“ the vain hope, that by the destruction of a part,
“ the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified,
“ into the profession of Mahomedism. But all
“ these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at
“ length, being fully convinced, that though they
“ might extirpate, they could never hope to con-
“ vert, any number of the Hindoos, they relin-
“ quished the impracticable idea with which they
“ had entered upon their career of conquest, and
“ contented themselves with the acquirement of
“ the civil dominion and almost universal empire
“ of Hindostan.”——*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah,*
by Eliza Hamilton.

NOTE ^m, p. 36.

And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape.

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from CAMOËNS, by MICKLE.

NOTE ⁿ, p. 37.

While famish'd nations died along the shore.

The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage.

After describing the monopoly of salt, betel nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus :—" Money
 " in this current came but by drops ; it could not
 " quench the thirst of those who waited in India
 " to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, re-
 " mained to quicken its pace. The natives could
 " live with little salt, but could not want food.
 " Some of the agents saw themselves well situated
 " for collecting the rice into stores ; they did so.
 " They knew the Gentoos would rather die than vio-
 " late the principles of their religion by eating flesh.
 " The alternative would therefore be between giving
 " what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk ;
 " —they that cultivated the land, and saw the

“ harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt
 “ —scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier
 “ managed — sickness ensued. In some districts
 “ the languid living left the bodies of their nume-
 “ rous dead unburied.”—*Short History of the Eng-
 lish Transactions in the East Indies*, page 145.

NOTE °, p. 38.

*Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
 His awful presence o'er the alarmed world.*

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

NOTE °, p. 39.

*Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand !
 And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime—*

Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities, Janus and Minerva.

NOTES.

ON PART II.

NOTE ^a, p. 48.

The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !

Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade.—DRYDEN.

NOTE ^b, p. 53.

Thy woes, Arion !

Falconer, in his poem *The Shipwreck*, speaks of himself by the name of Arion.

See FALCONER'S *Shipwreck*, canto III.

NOTE ^c, p. 54.

The robber Moor !

See SCHILLER'S tragedy of *The Robbers*, scene v.

NOTE ^d, p. 55.

What millions died—that Cæsar might be great !

The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

NOTE ^e, p. 55.

Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,

March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore.

“ In this extremity,” (says the biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa,) “ the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes.”

NOTE ^f, p. 56.

——— *As Iona's saint.*

The natives of the island of Iona have an opinion that on certain evenings every year the tute-

lary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

NOTE 6, p. 57.

And part, like Ajut,—never to return!

See the history of AJUT AND ANNINGAIT in *The Rambler*.

GERTRUDE

OF

WYOMING.

PART I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MOST of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The Scenery and Incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms, converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. ISAAC WELD informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796.

GERTRUDE

OF

WYOMING.

PART I.

I.

ON Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming !
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall ;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore !

II.

Delightful Wyoming ! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew,
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

III.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree :
And ev'ry sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men ;
While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
Unhaunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
 Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
 For here the exile met from ev'ry clime,
 And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue :
 Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
 Were but divided by the running brook ;
 And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
 On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
 The blue-eyed German changed his sword to prun-
 ing-hook.

V.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
 Would sound to many a native roundelay—
 But who is he that yet a dearer land
 Remembers, over hills and far away ?
 Green Albin !^a what though he no more survey
 Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
 Thy pellochs^b rolling from the mountain bay,

^a Scotland.

^b The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise.

Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan
 roar !^c

VI.

Alas ! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear !
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee :
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom's
 tree !

VII.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom ;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor seal'd in blood a fellow-creature's doom,

^c The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall :
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

VIII.

How rev'rend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervors were assuaged,
Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire !
And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

IX.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, oh, Nature ! is there nought to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life ?
And dwells in day-light truth's salubrious skies

No form with which the soul may sympathise ?
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or blest his noonday walk -- she was his only child.

X.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek—
What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds ; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he lived to see
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart — but she
Was gone—and Gertrude climb'd a widow'd father's
knee.

XI.

A loved bequest,—and I may half impart —
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flower uprose beneath his eye,

Dear as she was from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when as the rip'ning years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

XII.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms ;
(Unconscious fascination, undesign'd !)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind ;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind) :
All uncompanion'd else her heart had gone
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue summer
shone.

XIII.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bow'r,
Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament ;

The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that help'd to light
A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

XIV.

Yet pensive seem'd the boy for one so young—
The dimple from his polish'd cheek had fled ;
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
Th' Oneyda warrior to the planter said,
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,
' Peace be to thee ! my words this belt approve ;
' The paths of peace my steps have hither led :
' This little nursling, take him to thy love,
' And shield the bird unfledg'd, since gone the parent dove.

XV.

' Christian ! I am the foeman of thy foe ;
' Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace :
' Upon the Michagan, three moons ago,
' We launch'd our pirogues for the bison chace,

‘ And with the Hurons planted for a space,
‘ With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk ;
‘ But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
‘ And though they held with us a friendly talk,
‘ The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk !

XVI.

‘ It was encamping on the lake’s far port,
‘ A cry of Areouski^d broke our sleep,
‘ Where storm’d an ambush’d foe thy nation’s fort,
‘ And rapid, rapid whoops came o’er the deep ;
‘ But long thy country’s war-sign on the steep
‘ Appear’d through ghastly intervals of light
‘ And deathfully their thunders seem’d to sweep,
‘ Till utter darkness swallow’d up the sight,
‘ As if a show’r of blood had quench’d the fiery fight !

XVII.

‘ It slept — it rose again — on high their tow’r
‘ Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,
‘ Then down again it rain’d an ember show’r,
‘ And louder lamentations heard we rise :

^d The Indian God of War.

‘ As when the evil Manitou^e that dries
‘ Th’ Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
‘ In vain the desolated panther flies,
‘ And howls amidst his wilderness of fire :
‘ Alas ! too late, we reach’d and smote those Hurons
 dire !

XVIII.

‘ But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
‘ So died their warriors by our battle-brand ;
‘ And from the tree we, with her child, unbound
‘ A lonely mother of the Christian land —
‘ Her lord — the captain of the British band —
‘ Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
‘ Scarce knew the widow our deliv’ring hand ;
‘ Upon her child she sobb’d, and swoon’d away,
‘ Or shriek’d unto the God to whom the Christians
 pray.

XIX.

‘ Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
‘ Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité :

^e Manitou, Spirit or Deity.

‘ But she was journeying to the land of souls,
‘ And lifted up her dying head to pray
‘ That we should bid an ancient friend convey
‘ Her orphan to his home of England’s shore ;
‘ And take, she said, this token far away,
‘ To one that will remember us of yore,
‘ When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave’s Julia
wore.

XX.

‘ And I, the eagle of my tribe, ‘ have rush’d
‘ With this lorn dove.’ — A sage’s self-command
Had quell’d the tears from Albert’s heart that gush’d ;
But yet his cheek — his agitated hand —
That shower’d upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill beguiled
A soul that was not wont to be unmann’d ;
‘ And stay,’ he cried, ‘ dear pilgrim of the wild !
‘ Preserver of my old, my boon companion’s child !—

f The Indians are distinguished both personally and by tribes by the name of particular animals, whose qualities they affect to resemble, either for cunning, strength, swiftness, or other qualities :—as the eagle, the serpent, the fox, or bear.

XXI.

- ‘ Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
‘ On earth’s remotest bounds how welcome here !
‘ Whose mother oft, a child, has fill’d these arms,
‘ Young as thyself, and innocently dear,
‘ Whose grandsire was my early life’s compeer.
‘ Ah, happiest home of England’s happy clime !
‘ How beautiful ev’n now thy scenes appear,
‘ As in the noon and sunshine of my prime !
‘ How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of
time !

XXII.

- ‘ And, Julia ! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
‘ Can I forget thee, fav’rite child of yore ?
‘ Or thought I, in thy father’s house, when thou
‘ Wert lightest hearted on his festive floor,
‘ And first of all his hospitable door
‘ To meet and kiss me at my journey’s end ?
‘ But where was I when Waldegrave was no more ?
‘ And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend,
‘ In woes, that ev’n the tribe of deserts was thy friend !’

XXIII.

He said — and strain'd unto his heart the boy ;
Far differently, the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy ;^ε
As monumental bronze unchanged his look :
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook ;
Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle^h to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive — fearing but the shame of fear —
A stoic of the woods — a man without a tear.

XXIV.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdain'd to grow ;
As lives the oak unwither'd on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below :

^ε *Calumet of peace*.—The calumet is the Indian name for the ornamented pipe of friendship, which they smoke as a pledge of amity.

^h *Tree-rock'd cradle*.—The Indian mothers suspend their children in their cradles from the boughs of trees, and let them be rock'd by the wind.

He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe :
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his mocasins, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly
tongue.

XXV.

' Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
' Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,
' Oh! tell her spirit, that the white man's hand
' Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet ;
' While I in lonely wilderness shall greet
' Thy little foot-prints — or by traces know
' The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
' To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
' And pour'd the lotus-horn¹, or slew the moun-
tain roe.

¹ From a flower shaped like a horn, which Chateaubriand presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians in their travels through the desert often find a draught of dew purer than any other water.

XXVI.

‘ Adieu ! sweet scion of the rising sun !
‘ But should affliction’s storms thy blossom mock,
‘ Then come again — my own adopted one !
‘ And I will graft thee on a noble stock,
‘ The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
‘ Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars ;
‘ And I will teach thee, in the battle’s shock,
‘ To pay with Huron blood thy father’s scars,
‘ And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars !’

XXVII.

So finish’d he the rhyme (howe’er uncouth)
That true to nature’s fervid feelings ran ;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth :)
Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man ;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey’s plan
In woods required, whose trained eye was keen
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

XXVIII.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—
His pirogue launch'd — his pilgrimage begun —
Far, like the red-bird's wing he seem'd to glide ;
Then dived, and vanish'd in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmer'd in the sun ;
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hail'd, with bark and plumage bright.

G E R T R U D E

OF

WYOMING.

PART II.

GERTRUDE

OF

WYOMING.

PART II.

I.

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlook'd his lawn ;
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene :
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves ;)
So sweet a spot of earth, you might, (I ween)
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for them-
selves.

II.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas open'd by the wand'ring stream ;
Both where at evening Allegany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam :
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem ;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

III.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown ;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown,)
Like tumults heard from some far distant town ;
But soft'ning in approach he left his gloom,
And murmur'd pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

IV.

It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd upon ;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
(As if for heav'nly musing meant alone ;)
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

V.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face !
Enthusiast of the woods ! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

VI.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,

That thus apostrophized its viewless scene :

‘ Land of my father’s love, my mother’s birth !

‘ The home of kindred I have never seen !

‘ We know not other — oceans are between :

‘ Yet say ! far friendly hearts, from whence we came,

‘ Of us does oft remembrance intervene !

‘ My mother sure—my sire a thought may claim ;—

‘ But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII.

‘ And yet, loved England ! when thy name I trace

‘ In many a pilgrim’s tale and poet’s song,

‘ How can I choose but wish for one embrace

‘ Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong

‘ My mother’s looks, — perhaps her likeness strong ?

‘ Oh, parent ! with what reverential awe,

‘ From features of thine own related throng,

‘ An image of thy face my soul could draw !

‘ And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw !

VIII.

Yet deem not Gertrude sigh'd for foreign joy ;
To soothe a father's couch her only care,
And keep his rev'rend head from all annoy :
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair ;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatmen carol'd to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

IX.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore ;
Tradition had not named its lonely spot ;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust,^j or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit :—rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,

^j It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century.

And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decay'd by
time.

X.

But high in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting aloes threw :
Breathed but an air of heav'n, and all the grove
As if with instinct living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulphs of every hue ;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles, — ere yet its symphony begin.

XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The ling'ring noon, where flow'rs a couch had strewn ;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown :
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears ;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,

And no intruding visitation fears,
 To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest
 tears.

XII.

And nought within the grove was heard or seen
 But stock-doves plaining through its gloom pro-
 found,
 Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,
 Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round ;
 When, lo ! there enter'd to its inmost ground
 A youth, the stranger of a distant land ;
 He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound ;
 But late th' equator suns his cheek had tann'd,
 And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.

XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
 He led dismounted ; ere his leisure pace,
 Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
 Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space
 Those downcast features :—she her lovely face

Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace :
Iberian seem'd his boot — his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

XIV.

For Albert's home he sought — her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there ;
And soon has Gertrude hied from dark green wood ;
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,
And early liking from acquaintance sprung ;
Full fluently conversed their guest in England's
tongue.

XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold, -- and much they loved his fervid strain,
While he each fair variety retraced
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main.

Now happy Switzer's hills,—romantic Spain,—
Gay lilled fields of France,—or, more refined,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign ;
Nor less each rural image he design'd
Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws ;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—
The loneliness of earth that overawes, —
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
Nor living voice nor motion marks around ;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulph profound,^k
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado
sound.

^k The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery.

XVII.

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court ;
But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
‘ In England thou hast been,—and, by report,
‘ An orphan’s name (quoth Albert) may’st have known.
‘ Sad tale !—when latest fell our frontier fort,—
‘ One innocent—one soldier’s child—alone
‘ Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him
as my own.—

XVIII.

‘ Young Henry Waldegrave ! three delightful years
‘ These very walls his infant sports did see ;
‘ But most I loved him when his parting tears
‘ Alternately bedew’d my child and me :
‘ His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee ;
‘ Nor half its grief his little heart could hold :
‘ By kindred he was sent for o’er the sea,
‘ They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
‘ And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consoled !

XIX.

His face the wanderer hid—but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell;—
‘ And speak ! mysterious stranger !’ (Gertrude cried)
‘ It is !—it is !—I knew—I knew him well !
‘ ’Tis Waldegrave’s self, of Waldegrave come to tell !’
A burst of joy the father’s lips declare ;
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell :
At once his open arms embraced the pair,
Was never group more blest, in this wide world of
care.

XX.

‘ And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)
‘ Your Waldegrave’s feigned name, and false attire ?
‘ I durst not in the neighbourhood, in truth,
‘ The very fortunes of your house enquire ;
‘ Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
‘ Impart, and I my weakness all betray ;
‘ For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire,
‘ I meant but o’er your tombs to weep a day,
‘ Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

XXI.

‘ But here ye live,—ye bloom,—in each dear face,
‘ The changing hand of time I may not blame ;
‘ For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,
‘ And here of beauty perfected the frame ;
‘ And well I know your hearts are still the same—
‘ They could not change—ye look the very way,
‘ As when an orphan first to you I came.
‘ And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray ?
‘ Nay, wherefore weep ye, friends, on such a joyous
day ?’

XXII.

‘ And art thou here ? or is it but a dream ?
‘ And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou, leave us
more ?’
‘ No, never ! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
‘ Than aught on earth—than ev’n thyself of yore—
‘ I will not part thee from thy father’s shore ;
‘ But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,
‘ And hand in hand again the path explore,

‘ Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
‘ While thou shalt be my own, with all thy truth and
 charms.’

XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was od’rous scent and harmony,
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight :
There if, oh, gentle Love ! I read aright,
The utterance that seal’d thy sacred bond,
’Twas list’ning to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression’s pow’r to paint, all languishingly fond.

XXIV.

‘ Flow’r of my life, so lovely, and so lone !
‘ Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
‘ Scorning, and scorn’d by fortune’s pow’r, than own
‘ Her pomp and splendors lavish’d at my feet !
‘ Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite

‘ Than odours cast on heav’n’s own shrine—to
please—

‘ Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
‘ And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
‘ When Coromandel’s ships return from Indian seas.’

XXV.

Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur’s most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flush’d in the dark’ning firmament of June ;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not pourtray ;
For never did the hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

G E R T R U D E

OF

WYOMING.

PART III.

GERTRUDE

OF

WYOMING.

PART III.

I.

O LOVE ! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire !
Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine !
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

II.

Three little moons, how short ! amidst the grove
And pastoral savannas they consume !
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume ;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare ;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom ;
'Tis but the breath of heav'n — the blessed air —
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to share.

III.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing ;
Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring,
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring ?
No ! — nor let fear one little warbler rouse ;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade ev'n now her love, and witness'd first
her vows.

IV.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
And pines their lawny walk encompass round ;
There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'Twas but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,
(Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drown'd)
That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

V.

And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow !
But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth ?
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below !
And must I change my song ? and must I shew,
Sweet Wyoming ! the day when thou wert doom'd,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bow'rs laid low !
When where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
Death overspread his pall, and black'ning ashes
gloom'd.

VI.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driv'n,
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine, and the smile of heav'n,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes ;
Her birth star was the light of burning plains ;¹
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts — the blood of British veins —
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII.

Yet, ere the storm of death had raged remote,
Or siege unseen in heav'n reflects its beams,
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly
dreams ?
Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
Portentous light ! and music's voice is dumb ;
Save where the fife its shrill reveillè screams,

¹ Alluding to the miseries that attended the American civil war.

Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,
That speaks of madd'ning strife, and bloodstain'd
fields to come.

VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang ;
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe !
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
A husband to the battle doom'd to go !
' Nay meet not thou (she cries) thy kindred foe !
' But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand !'
' Ah, Gertrude ! thy beloved heart, I know,
' Would feel like mine, the stigmatizing brand !
' Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band.

IX.

' But shame—but flight—a recreant's name to prove,
' To hide in exile ignominious fears ;
' Say, ev'n if this I brook'd, the public love
' Thy father's bosom to his home endears :
' And how could I his few remaining years,
' My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child ?'
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers ;

At last that heart to hope is half beguiled,
And, pale through tears suppress'd, the mournful
beauty smiled.

X.

Night came,—and in their lighted bow'r, full late,
The joy of converse had endured—when, hark !
Abrupt and loud a summons shook their gate ;
And heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,
A form has rush'd amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor :
Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark ;
But desolate he look'd, and famish'd poor,
As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert shore.

XI.

Upris'n, each wond'ring brow is knit and arch'd :
A spirit from the dead they deem him first :
To speak he tries ; but quiv'ring, pale, and parch'd,
From lips, as by some pow'rless dream accursed,
Emotions unintelligible burst ;
And long his filmed eye is red and dim ;
At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst

Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering limb,
When Albert's hand he grasp'd ;—but Albert knew
not him —

XII.

' And hast thou then forgot,' (he cried forlorn,
And eyed the group with half indignant air,)
' Oh ! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
' When I with thee the cup of peace did share ?
' Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
' That now is white as Appalachia's snow ;
' But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
' And age hath bow'd me, and the tort'ring foe,
' Bring me my boy — and he will his deliverer
know !' —

XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew :
' Bless thee, my guide !' —but, backward, as he
came,
The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,

And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him
through.

'Twas strange — nor could the group a smile con-
troul —

The long the doubtful scrutiny to view :—

At last delight o'er all his features stole,

' It is—my own,' he cried, and clasp'd him to his soul.

XIV.

' Yes ! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then

' The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,

' When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd men,

' I bore thee like the quiver on my back,

' Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack ;

' Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I fear'd, ^m

' For I was strong as mountain cataract :

' And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd,

' Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts
appear'd ?

^m Cougar, the American tiger.

XV.

‘ Then welcome be my death-song, and my death !
‘ Since I have seen thee, and again embraced.’
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath ;
But with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretch’d around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed ;
And Gertrude’s lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fever’d joy that more profusely
bled.

XVI.

‘ But this is not a time,’—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
‘ This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
‘ The Mammoth comes,—the foe,—the Monster
Brandt, ⁿ—

ⁿ Brandt was the leader of those Mohawks, and other savages, who laid waste this part of Pennsylvania,—Vide the note at the end of this poem.

- ‘ With all his howling desolating band ;—
‘ These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine
‘ Awake at once, and silence half your land.
‘ Red is the cup they drink ; but not with wine :
‘ Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine !

XVII.

- ‘ Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
‘ ‘Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth :
‘ Accursed Brandt ! he left of all my tribe
‘ Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth :
‘ No ! not the dog, that watch’d my household hearth,
‘ Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains !
‘ All perish’d !—I alone am left on earth !
‘ To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
‘ No !—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins !

XVIII.

- ‘ But go !—and rouse your warriors ;—for, if right
‘ These old bewilder’d eyes could guess, by signs
‘ Of striped and starred banners, on yon height
‘ Of eastern cedars, o’er the creek of pines—

‘ Some fort embattled by your country shines :
‘ Deep roars th’ innavigable gulph below
‘ Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
‘ Go ! seek the light its warlike beacons shew ;
‘ Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the
 foe !’

XIX.

Scarce had he utter’d — when Heav’n’s verge
 extreme
Reverberates the bomb’s descending star, —
And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—and
 scream,—
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail’d !
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar ;
While rapidly the marksman’s shot prevail’d :—
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet
 wail’d.—

XX.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare ;
Or swept, far seen, the tow'r, whose clock unring.
Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints,— she falters not,— th' heroic fair,—
As he the sword and plume in haste array'd.
One short embrace—he clasp'd his dearest care—
But hark ! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade ?
Joy, joy ! Columbia's friends are trampling through
the shade !

XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves and gleam'd the midnight grass.
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm ;
As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines :
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,

His plumed host the dark Iberian joins—
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle
shines.

XXII.

And in, the buskin'd hunters of the deer,
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng :—
Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and
cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.—

XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws ;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,

And one th' uncover'd crowd to silence sways ;
While, though the battle flash is faster driv'n,—
Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heav'n,—
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be
forgiv'n.

XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech :
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant tow'rs to reach,
Look'd not on thee the rudest partizan
With brow relax'd to love ? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu !

XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the tow'r,
That like a giant standard-bearer frown'd
Defiance on the roving Indian pow'r.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound

With embrasure emboss'd, and armour crown'd,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green :
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene.

XXVI.

A scene of death ! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow ;
And for the business of destruction done
Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow :
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe !
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild
alarm !

XXVII.

But short that contemplation — sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu !
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew ;

Ah ! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near ?—yet there, with lust of murd'rous
deeds,
Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert—Albert—falls ! the dear old father
bleeds !

XXVIII.

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swoond ;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
These drops ?—Oh, God ! the life-blood is her
own !
And falt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
' Weep not, O Love !'—she cries, ' to see me bleed—
' Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
' Heaven's peace commiserate ; for scarce I heed
' These wounds ;—yet thee to leave is death, is death
indeed !

XXIX.

‘ Clasp me a little longer on the brink
‘ Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress ;
‘ And when this heart hath ceased to beat--oh! think,
‘ And let it mitigate thy woe’s excess,
‘ That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
‘ And friend to more than human friendship just.
‘ Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
‘ And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
‘ God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in
dust !

XXX.

‘ Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
‘ The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
‘ Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
‘ And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
‘ With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
‘ Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
‘ In heav’n ; for ours was not like earthly love.

‘ And must this parting be our very last ?

‘ No ! I shall love thee still, when death itself is
past.—

XXXI.

‘ Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—

‘ And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,

‘ If I had lived to smile but on the birth

‘ Of one dear pledge ;— but shall there then be none,

‘ In future times—no gentle little one,

‘ To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me ?

‘ Yet seems it, ev’n while life’s last pulses run,

‘ A sweetness in the cup of death to be,

‘ Lord of my bosom’s love ! to die beholding
thee !’

XXXII.

Hush’d were his Gertrude’s lips ! but still their
bland

And beautiful expression seem’d to melt

With love that could not die ! and still his hand

She presses to the heart no more that felt.

Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words ;—but knew not what
they were.

XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd :—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-loved shroud—
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth ;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth ;—him watch'd, in gloomy ruth,

His woodland guide : but words had none to
soothe

The grief that knew not consolation's name :

Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,

He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that
came

Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame !

XXXV.

‘ And I could weep ;’ — th’ Oneyda chief

His descant wildly thus begun :—

‘ But that I may not stain with grief

‘ The death-song of my father’s son,

‘ Or bow this head in woe !

‘ For by my wrongs, and by my wrath !

‘ To-morrow Areouski’s breath,

‘ (That fires yon heav’n with storms of death,)

‘ Shall light us to the foe :

‘ And we shall share, my Christian boy !

‘ The foeman’s blood, the avenger’s joy !

XXXVI.

‘ But thee, my flow’r, whose breath was giv’n
‘ By milder genii o’er the deep,
‘ The spirits of the white man’s heav’n
‘ Forbid not thee to weep :—
‘ Nor will the Christian host,
‘ Nor will thy father’s spirit grieve,
‘ To see thee, on the battle’s eve,
‘ Lamenting, take a mournful leave
‘ Of her who loved thee most :
‘ She was the rainbow to thy sight !
‘ Thy sun—thy heav’n—of lost delight !

XXXVII.

‘ To-morrow let us do or die !
‘ But when the bolt of death is hurl’d,
‘ Ah ; whither then with thee to fly,
‘ Shall Outalissi roam the world ?

- ‘ Seek we thy once-loved home ?
‘ The hand is gone that cropt its flowers :
‘ Unheard their clock repeats its hours !
‘ Cold is the hearth within their bow’rs !
‘ And should we thither roam,
‘ Its echoes, and its empty tread,
‘ Would sound like voices from the dead !

XXXVIII.

- ‘ Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
‘ Whose streams my kindred nation quaff’d ?
‘ And by my side, in battle true,
‘ A thousand warriors drew the shaft ?
‘ Ah ! there in desolation cold,
‘ The desert serpent dwells alone,
‘ Where grass o’ergrows each mould’ring bone
‘ And stones themselves to ruin grown,
‘ Like me, are death-like old.
‘ Then seek we not their camp, — for there —
‘ The silence dwells of my despair !’

XXXIX.

‘ But hark, the trump !—to-morrow thou
‘ In glory’s fires shalt dry thy tears :
‘ Ev’n from the land of shadows now
‘ My father’s awful ghost appears,
‘ Amidst the clouds that round us roll ;
‘ He bids my soul for battle thirst —
‘ He bids me dry the last—the first —
‘ The only tears that ever burst
‘ From Outalissi’s soul ;
‘ Because I may not stain with grief
‘ The death-song of an Indian chief !’

NOTES.

ON PART I.

STANZA 3. l. 6.

From merry mock-bird's song.

THE mocking bird is of the form, but larger, than the thrush ; and the colours are a mixture of black, white, and grey. What is said of the nightingale, by its greatest admirers, is, what may, with more propriety, apply to this bird, who, in a natural state, sings with very superior taste. Towards evening I have heard one begin softly, reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which, by this means, had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds for six years. During the space of a minute he was heard to imitate the wood-

lark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush, and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mocking-birds so engaged in this mimicry, that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an opportunity of hearing their own natural note. Some go so far as to say, that they have neither peculiar notes, nor favourite imitations. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song, however, has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale, and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful.—*Ashe's Travels in America*, vol. ii. p. 73.

STANZA 5. l. 9.

And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar.

The Corybrechtan, or Corbrechtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the Island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark; and there is a tradition that a Danish prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the at-

tempt. On the shores of Argyleshire, I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex, at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

STANZA 13. l. 4.

Of buskin'd limb and swarthy lineament.

In the Indian tribes there is a great similarity in their colour, stature, &c. They are all, except the Snake Indians, tall in stature, straight, and robust. It is very seldom they are deformed, which has given rise to the supposition that they put to death their deformed children. Their skin is of a copper colour; their eyes large, bright, black, and sparkling, indicative of a subtile and discerning mind: their hair is of the same colour, and prone to be long, seldom or never curled. Their teeth are large and white; I never observed any decayed among them, which makes their breath as sweet as the air they inhale.
—*Travels through America by Capts. Lewis and Clarke, in 1804-5-6.*

STANZA 14. l. 6.

Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve.

The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognize a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. Wampum (says Cadwallader Colden) is made of the large whelk shell, *Buccinum*, and shaped like long beads: it is the current money of the Indians.—*History of the five Indian Nations*, p. 34. *New York edition.*

STANZA 14. l. 7.

The paths of peace my steps have hither led.

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the Governor of New York, Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner: "Where shall I seek the chair of peace? Where shall I find it but upon our path? and whither doth our path lead us but unto this house?"

STANZA 15. l. 2.

Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace.

When they solicit the alliance, offensive or defensive, of a whole nation, they send an embassy with a

large belt of wampum and a bloody hatchet, inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. The wampum made use of on these and other occasions, before their acquaintance with the Europeans, was nothing but small shells which they picked up by the sea-coasts, and on the banks of the lakes; and now it is nothing but a kind of cylindrical beads, made of shells, white, and black, which are esteemed among them as silver and gold are among us. The black they call the most valuable, and both together are their greatest riches and ornaments; these among them answering all the end that money does amongst us. They have the art of stringing, twisting, and interweaving them into their belts, collars, blankets, and mocassins, &c. in ten thousand different sizes, forms, and figures, so as to be ornaments for every part of dress, and expressive to them of all their important transactions. They dye the wampum of various colours and shades, and mix and dispose them with great ingenuity and order, and so as to be significant among themselves of almost every thing they please; so that by these their words are kept, and their thoughts communicated to one another, as ours are by writing. The

belts that pass from one nation to another in all treaties, declarations, and important transactions are very carefully preserved in the cabins of their chiefs, and serve not only as a kind of record or history, but as a public treasure.—*Major Rogers's Account of North America.*

STANZA 17. l. 5.

As when the evil Manitou.

It is certain the Indians acknowledge one Supreme Being, or Giver of Life, who presides over all things ; that is the Great Spirit ; and they look up to him as the source of good, from whence no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad Spirit, to whom they ascribe great power ; and suppose that through his power all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. To him, therefore, they pray in their distresses, begging that he would either avert their troubles or moderate them when they are no longer avoidable.

They hold also that there are good Spirits of a lower degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. These they suppose to preside

over all the extraordinary productions of Nature, such as those lakes, rivers, and mountains that are of an uncommon magnitude; and likewise the beasts, birds, fishes, and even vegetables or stones, that exceed the rest of their species in size or singularity. —*Clarke's Travels among the Indians.*

The Supreme Spirit of good is called by the Indians Kitchi Manitou; and the Spirit of evil Matchi Manitou.

STANZA 19. l. 2.

Fever-balm and sweet sagamité.

The fever-balm is a medicine used by these tribes; it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever Tree. Sagamité is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

STANZA 20. l. 1.

*And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd
With this lorn dove.*

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians who mention their hieroglyphics, authorises me in putting this figurative language in the mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness; and the

eagle, that of a bold, noble, and liberal mind. When the Indians speak of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, "he is like the eagle who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe."

STANZA 23. l. 2.

Far differently, the mute Oneida took, &c.

They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action ; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies which is rooted in every Indian's breast. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotion of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer with the same indifference tells him that he has been informed that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution as though

every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to show the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with ; but on being invited in, sits contentedly down and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed and he was perfectly at ease. He does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

If you tell an Indian that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion ; his answer generally is,—they have “done well,” and he makes but very little enquiry about the matter ; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prison-

ers, he makes no complaints : he only replies, "It is unfortunate :"—and for some time asks no questions about how it happened. — *Lewis and Clarke's Travels.*

STANZA 23. l. 3.

His calumet of peace, &c.

Nor is the calumet of less importance or less revered than the wampum in many transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out ; the stem is of cane, alder, or some kind of light wood, painted with different colours, and decorated with the heads, tails, and feathers of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke either tobacco or some bark, leaf, or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance or any serious occasion or solemn engagements ; this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the violation of which is esteemed most infamous, and deserving of severe punishment from Heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red : sometimes it is red only on one side, and by the dis-

position of the feathers, &c. one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be as it were a guarantee of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons; for as they find that smoking tends to disperse the vapours of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, they introduced it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees, and as a pledge of their performance thereof, it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with;—so that smoking among them at the same pipe, is equivalent to our drinking together and out of the same cup.—*Major Rogers's Account of North America, 1766.*

The lighted calumet is also used among them for a purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the

Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in day-time ; but at night the young lover goes a calumetting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguishes it, she admits his addresses ; but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed, he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart.

— *Ashe's Travels.*

STANZA 23. l. 6.

Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier.

An Indian child, as soon as he is born, is swathed with clothes, or skins ; and being laid on his back, is bound down on a piece of thick board, spread over with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child, and bent pieces of wood, like pieces of hoops, are placed over its face to protect it, so that if the machine were suffered to fall, the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any business to transact at home, they hang the board on a tree, if there be

one at hand, and set them swinging from side to side, like a pendulum, in order to exercise the children.—*Weld*, vol. ii. p. 246.

STANZA 23. l. 7.

*The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—*

Of the active as well as passive fortitude of the Indian character, the following is an instance related by Adair in his *Travels*:—

A party of the Senekah Indians came to war against the Katahba, bitter enemies to each other.—In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their usual light dress: on his perceiving them, he sprung off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey,

with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture.—It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments for which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination, as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings.—Probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances ; but I never knew this with any of the Indians : and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies :—for when they

were taking him, unpinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank, but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, very like bloodhounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favours they had done, and intended to do, him. After slapping a part of his body, in defiance to them (continues the author) he put up the shrill war-whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies. He continued his speed, so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had

pursued him :—he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him ;—but there was now every thing to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honour and sweet revenge by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot,—clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies and was taken by them for the fiery torture. He digged them up, burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety with

singular triumph. Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war-council they concluded, that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captivated, and since that in his naked condition, and now was well armed, if they continued the pursuit he would spoil them all, for he surely was an enemy wizard,—and therefore they returned home.—*Adair's General Observations on the American Indians*, p. 394.

It is surprising, says the same author, to see the long continued speed of the Indians. Though some of us have often run the swiftest of them out of sight for about the distance of twelve miles, yet afterwards, without any seeming toil, they would stretch on, leave us out of sight, and outwind any horse.—*Ibid.* p. 318.

If an Indian were driven out into the extensive woods, with only a knife and a tomahawk, or a small hatchet, it is not to be doubted but he would fatten even where a wolf would starve. He would soon collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces of wood

together, make a bark hut, earthen vessels, and a bow and arrows ; then kill wild game, fish, fresh-water tortoises, gather a plentiful variety of vegetables, and live in affluence.—*Ibid.* p. 410.

STANZA 24. l. 7.

Mocassins is a sort of Indian buskins.

STANZA 25. l. 1.

*Sleep, wearied one ! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet.*

There is nothing (says Charlevoix) in which these barbarians carry their superstitions farther, than in what regards dreams ; but they vary greatly in their manner of explaining themselves on this point. Sometimes it is the reasonable soul which ranges abroad, while the sensitive continues to animate the body. Sometimes it is the familiar genius who gives salutary counsel with respect to what is going to happen. Sometimes it is a visit made by the soul of the object of which he dreams. But in whatever manner the dream is conceived, it is always looked upon as a thing sacred, and as the most ordinary way in which the gods make

known their will to men. Filled with this idea, they cannot conceive how we should pay no regard to them. For the most part they look upon them either as a desire of the soul, inspired by some genius, or an order from him, and in consequence of this principle they hold it a religious duty to obey them. An Indian having dreamt of having a finger cut off, had it really cut off as soon as he awoke, having first prepared himself for this important action by a feast. Another having dreamt of being a prisoner, and in the hands of his enemies, was much at a loss what to do. He consulted the jugglers, and by their advice caused himself to be tied to a post, and burnt in several parts of the body.—*Charlevoix, Journal of a Voyage to North America.*

STANZA 26. l. 5.

The crocodile, the condor of the rock—

The alligator, or American crocodile, when full grown (says Bertram) is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, activity, and swiftness in the water. I have seen them twenty feet in length, and some are supposed to be twenty-

two or twenty-three feet in length. Their body is as large as that of a horse, their shape usually resembles that of a lizard, which is flat, or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, of *squamæ*, impenetrable when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle-ball, except about their head, and just behind their fore-legs or arms, where, it is said, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full-grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. Their eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk in the head, by means of the prominency of the brows; the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head on the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about: only the upper jaw moves, which they raise almost perpendicular, so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the fore-part of the upper jaw, on each side, just under the nostrils, are two very large, thick, strong teeth, or tusks, not very sharp, but rather the shape of a cone: these are as white as the finest polished ivory, and are

not covered by any skin or lips, but always in sight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance; in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth to receive them; when they clap their jaws together, it causes a surprising noise, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground, and may be heard at a great distance.— But what is yet more surprising to a stranger, is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making, especially in breeding-time. It most resembles very heavy distant thunder, not only shaking the air and waters, but causing the earth to tremble; and when hundreds are roaring at the same time, you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated. An old champion, who is, perhaps, absolute sovereign of a little lake or lagoon, (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about,) darts forth from the reedy coverts, all at once, on the surface of the waters in a right line, at first seemingly as rapid as lightning, but gradually more slowly, until he arrives at the centre of the lake, where he stops. He now swells him-

self by drawing in wind and water through his mouth, which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute ; but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise, brandishing his tail in the air, and the vapour running from his nostrils like smoke. At other times, when swoln to an extent ready to burst, his head and tail lifted up, he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like an Indian chief, when rehearsing his feats of war.—*Bertram's Travels in North America.*

STANZA 27. l. 4.

Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man.

They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire, with the greatest readiness, any thing that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections to which Americans are strangers. For instance, they will cross a forest, or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach, with great exactness, the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping, during the whole of that space, in

a direct line, without any material deviations ; and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy. With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass ; and on this account it is with great difficulty they escape discovery. They are indebted for these talents not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual qualities, which can only be acquired by an unremitted attention, and by long experience. They are, in general, very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighbouring tribes for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with as much perspicuity and readiness as Europeans can to their written records.

The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all the other sciences, and yet they draw

on their birch-bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. The latitude and longitude only are wanting to make them tolerably complete.

Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the polar star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night.

They reckon the distance of places not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which, according to the best calculation I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war-parties, or their most distant hunting excursions.—*Lewis and Clarke's Travels*.

Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years; but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees, and position of the sun, that they find

their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss; and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches towards the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees, and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern side, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them, which a common observer would, perhaps, never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun, they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heavens to another; and in every part of the day they will point to the part of the heavens where it is, although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton, situated behind the Blue Mountains, Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia, whither they were going upon some affairs of importance, and had stopped there

for the night. In the morning, some circumstance or another, which could not be learned, induced one half of the Indians to set off without their companions, who did not follow until some hours afterwards. When these last were ready to pursue their journey, several of the towns-people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles, but, all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods, though there was no path, the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them, surprised at this movement, informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia, and expressed their fear lest they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better, that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia, and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on; and to their astonishment, for there was apparently no track, they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was, that the

route which they took was found, on examining a map, to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation, who had been at Philadelphia at a former period, they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages, and had never lost sight of it, although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods, and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination.—Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people, a striking example is furnished, I think, by Mr. Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the woods, which, on being opened, are found to contain skeletons in an erect posture: the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the sea-ports on the Atlantic, just as the Creeks, above mentioned, were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit the straight road

by which they were proceeding, and without asking any questions, to strike through the woods, in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia, in which this grave was situated, had been inhabited by Indians, and these Indian travellers, who were to visit it by themselves, had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before: they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation, that had been handed down to them by tradition.—*Weld's Travels in North America*, vol. ii.

NOTES.

ON PART III.

STANZA 16. l. 4.

The Mammoth comes.

THAT I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mammoth, or big buffalo, Mr. Jefferson states, that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America.

“ A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia during the revolution, on matters of business, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country,

and, among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Salt-licks, on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him, that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Bick-bone licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the Great Man above looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain on a rock, of which his seat, and the prints of his feet, are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but missing one, at length it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.*

STANZA 17. l. 1.

*Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth.*

I took the character of Brandt in the poem of Gertrude from the common Histories of England, all of which represented him as a bloody and bad man, (even among savages) and chief agent in the horrible desolation of Wyoming. Some years after this poem appeared, the son of Brandt, a most interesting and intelligent youth, came over to England; and I formed an acquaintance with him, on which I still look back with pleasure. He appealed to my sense of honour and justice, on his own part and on that of his sister, to retract the unfair aspersion which, unconscious of its unfairness, I had cast on his father's memory.

He then referred me to documents which completely satisfied me that the common accounts of Brandt's cruelties at Wyoming, which I had found in books of Travels and in Adolphus's and similar Histories of England, were gross errors, and that in point of fact Brandt was not even present at that scene of desolation.

It is unhappily to Britons and Anglo-Americans that we must refer the chief blame in this horrible business. I published a letter expressing this belief in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the year 1822, to which I must refer the reader—if he has any curiosity on the subject—for an antidote to my fanciful description of Brandt. Among other expressions to young Brandt, I made use of the following words:—"Had I learnt all this of your father when I was writing my poem, he should not have figured in it as the hero of mischief." It was but bare justice to say thus much of a Mohawk Indian, who spoke English eloquently, and was thought capable of having written a history of the Six Nations. I ascertained also that he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. The name of Brandt therefore remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction.

STANZA 17. l. 8. and 9.

*To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No, not a kindred drop that runs in human veins.*

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan, a Mingo

chief, to the Governor of Virginia, will perceive that I have attempted to paraphrase its concluding and most striking expression :—"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." The similar salutations of the fictitious personage in my story, and the real Indian orator, makes it surely allowable to borrow such an expression ; and if it appears, as it cannot but appear, to less advantage than in the original, I beg the reader to reflect how difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words without sacrificing a portion of their effect.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance ; unfortunately, a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed, and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the

bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend to the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance; he accordingly signaled himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanaway, in which the collected forces of the Shawanees, Mingoes, and Delawares, were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed, from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore:—

“ I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat; if ever he came cold and hungry, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the

whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I have even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

“ There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature :— this called on me for revenge.—I have fought for it.—I have killed many.—I have fully glutted my vengeance.—For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace ;—but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear.—Logan never felt fear.—He will not turn on his heel to save his life.—Who is there to mourn for Logan ? not one !” — *Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.*



THEODRIC;

A DOMESTIC TALE.



THEODRIC;

A DOMESTIC TALE.

'Twas sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was sung,
And lights were o'er th' Helvetian mountains flung,
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below.
Warmth flush'd the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, Phoenix-like, you saw the eagle's form,
That high in Heav'n's vermilion wheel'd and soar'd.
Woods nearer frown'd, and cataracts dash'd and
 roar'd,
From heights brouzed by the bounding bouquetin ;
Herds tinkling roam'd the long-drawn vales between,
And hamlets glitter'd white, and gardens flourish'd
 green.

'Twas transport to inhale the bright sweet air !
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds, and enamell'd moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were link'd,
She seem'd one great glad form, with life instinct,
That felt Heav'n's ardent breath, and smiled below
Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.

A Gothic church was near ; the spot around
Was beautiful, ev'n though sepulchral ground ;
For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom,
But roses blossom'd by each rustic tomb.
Amidst them one of spotless marble shone—
A maiden's grave—and 'twas inscribed thereon,
That young and loved she died whose dust was there :

“ Yes,” said my comrade, “ young she died, and fair !
Grace form'd her, and the soul of gladness play'd
Once in the blue eyes of that mountain-maid :

Her fingers witch'd the chords they pass'd along,
And her lips seem'd to kiss the soul in song :
Yet woo'd, and worship'd as she was, till few
Aspired to hope, 'twas sadly, strangely true,
That heart, the martyr of its fondness, burn'd
And died of love that could not be return'd.

Her father dwelt where yonder Castle shines
O'er clust'ring trees and terrace-mantling vines.
As gay as ever, the laburnum's pride
Waves o'er each walk where she was wont to
glide,—

And still the garden whence she graced her brow,
As lovely blooms, though trode by strangers now.
How oft from yonder window o'er the lake,
Her song of wild Helvetian swell and shake,
Has made the rudest fisher bend his ear,
And rest enchanted on his oar to hear !
Thus bright, accomplish'd, spirited, and bland,
Well-born, and wealthy for that simple land,

Why had no gallant native youth the art
To win so warm—so exquisite a heart ?
She, midst these rocks inspired with feelings strong
By mountain-freedom—music—fancy—song,
Herself descended from the brave in arms,
And conscious of romance-inspiring charms,
Dreamt of Heroic beings ; hoped to find
Some extant spirit of chivalric kind ;
And scorning wealth, look'd cold ev'n on the claim
Of manly worth, that lack'd the wreath of fame.

Her younger brother, sixteen summers old,
And much her likeness both in mind and mould,
Had gone, poor boy ! in soldiership to shine,
And bore an Austrian banner on the Rhine.
'Twas when, alas ! our Empire's evil star
Shed all the plagues, without the pride, of war ;
When patriots bled, and bitterer anguish cross'd
Our brave, to die in battles foully lost.

The youth wrote home the rout of many a day ;
Yet still he said, and still with truth could say,
One corps had ever made a valiant stand,—
The corps in which he served,—THEODRIC'S band.
His fame, forgotten chief, is now gone by,
Eclipsed by brighter orbs in glory's sky ;
Yet once it shone, and veterans, when they show
Our fields of battle twenty years ago,
Will tell you feats his small brigade perform'd,
In charges nobly faced and trenches storm'd.
Time was, when songs were chanted to his fame,
And soldiers loved the march that bore his name ;
The zeal of martial hearts was at his call,
And that Helvetian, UDOLPH'S, most of all.
'Twas touching, when the storm of war blew wild,
To see a blooming boy,—almost a child,—
Spur fearless at his leader's words and signs,
Brave death in reconnoitring hostile lines,
And speed each task, and tell each message clear,
In scenes where war-train'd men were stunn'd with fear.

THEODRIC praised him, and they wept for joy
In yonder house, — when letters from the boy
Thank'd Heav'n for life, and more, to use his phrase,
Than twenty lives — his own Commander's praise.
Then follow'd glowing pages, blazoning forth
The fancied image of his Leader's worth,
With such hyperbolés of youthful style
As made his parents dry their tears and smile :
But differently far his words impress'd
A wond'ring sister's well-believing breast ;—
She caught th' illusion, blest THEODRIC's name,
And wildly magnified his worth and fame ;
Rejoicing life's reality contain'd
One, heretofore, her fancy had but feign'd,
Whose love could make her proud ; and time and
 chance
To passion raised that day-dream of Romance.

Once, when with hasty charge of horse and man
Our arrière-guard had check'd the Gallic van,

THEODRIC, visiting the outposts, found
His UDOLPH wounded, weltering on the ground :—
Sore crush'd, —half-swooning, half-upraised, he lay,
And bent his brow, fair boy ! and grasp'd the clay.
His fate moved ev'n the common soldier's ruth —
THEODRIC succour'd him ; nor left the youth
To vulgar hands, but brought him to his tent,
And lent what aid a brother would have lent.

Meanwhile, to save his kindred half the smart
The war-gazette's dread blood-roll might impart,
He wrote th' event to them ; and soon could tell
Of pains assuaged and symptoms auguring well ;
And last of all, prognosticating cure,
Enclosed the leech's vouching signature.

Their answers, on whose pages you might note
That tears had fall'n, whilst trembling fingers wrote,
Gave boundless thanks for benefits conferr'd,
Of which the boy, in secret, sent them word,

Whose memory Time, they said, would never blot ;
But which the giver had himself forgot.

In time, the stripling, vigorous and heal'd,
Resumed his barb and banner in the field,
And bore himself right soldier-like, till now
The third campaign had manlier bronzed his brow ;
When peace, though but a scanty pause for breath, —
A curtain-drop between the acts of death, —
A check in frantic war's unfinish'd game,
Yet dearly bought, and direly welcome, came.
The camp broke up, and UDOLPH left his chief
As with a son's or younger brother's grief :
But journeying home, how rapt his spirits rose !
How light his footsteps crush'd St. Gothard's snows !
How dear seem'd ev'n the waste and wild Shreck-
horn,
Though wrapt in clouds, and frowning as in scorn
Upon a downward world of pastoral charms ;
Where, by the very smell of dairy-farms,

And fragrance from the mountain-herbage blown,
Blindfold his native hills he could have known !

His coming down yon lake,—his boat in view
Of windows where love's fluttering kerchief flew,—
The arms spread out for him—the tears that burst,—
('Twas JULIA'S, 'twas his sister's met him first :)
Their pride to see war's medal at his breast,
And all their rapture's greeting, may be guess'd.

Ere long, his bosom triumph'd to unfold
A gift he meant their gayest room to hold,—
The picture of a friend in warlike dress ;
And who it was he first bade JULIA guess.
“ Yes,” she replied, “ 'twas he methought in sleep,
When you were wounded, told me not to weep.”
The painting long in that sweet mansion drew
Regards its living semblance little knew.

Meanwhile THEODRIC, who had years before
Learnt England's tongue, and loved her classic lore,
A glad enthusiast now explored the land,
Where Nature, Freedom, Art, smile hand in hand :
Her women fair ; her men robust for toil ;
Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil ;
Her towns, where civic independence flings
The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings ;
Her works of art, resembling magic's powers ;
Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bowers,—
These he had visited, with wonder's smile,
And scarce endured to quit so fair an isle.
But how our fates from unmomentous things
May rise, like rivers out of little springs !
A trivial chance postpon'd his parting day,
And public tidings caused, in that delay,
An English jubilee. 'Twas a glorious sight ;
At eve stupendous London, clad in light,
Pour'd out triumphant multitudes to gaze ;
Youth, age, wealth, penury, smiling in the blaze ;

Th' illumined atmosphere was warm and bland,
And Beauty's groupés, the fairest of the land,
Conspicuous, as in some wide festive room,
In open chariots pass'd with pearl and plume.
Amidst them he remark'd a lovelier mien
Than e'er his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had seen :
The throng detain'd her till he rein'd his steed,
And, ere the beauty pass'd, had time to read
The motto and the arms her carriage bore.
Led by that clue, he left not England's shore
Till he had known her : and to know her well
Prolong'd, exalted, bound, enchantment's spell ;
For with affections warm, intense, refined,
She mix'd such calm and holy strength of mind,
That, like Heav'n's image in the smiling brook,
Celestial peace was pictured in her look.
Hers was the brow, in trials unperplex'd,
That cheer'd the sad and tranquillized the vexed ;
She studied not the meanest to eclipse,
And yet the wisest listen'd to her lips ;

She sang not, knew not Music's magic skill,
But yet her voice had tones that sway'd the will.
He sought—he won her—and resolved to make
His future home in England for her sake.

Yet, ere they wedded, matters of concern
To CÆSAR'S Court commanded his return,
A season's space,—and on his Alpine way,
He reach'd those bowers, that rang with joy that day:
The boy was half beside himself,—the sire,
All frankness, honour, and Helvetian fire,
Of speedy parting would not hear him speak ;
And tears bedew'd and brighten'd JULIA'S cheek.

Thus, loth to wound their hospitable pride,
A month he promised with them to abide ;
As blithe he trode the mountain-sward as they,
And felt his joy make ev'n the young more gay.
How jocund was their breakfast parlour fann'd
By yon blue water's breath,—their walks how bland !

Fair JULIA seem'd her brother's soften'd sprite—
A gem reflecting Nature's purest light,—
And with her graceful wit there was inwrought
A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought,
That almost child-like to his kindness drew,
And twin with UDOLPH in his friendship grew.
But did his thoughts to love one moment range?—
No! he who had loved CONSTANCE could not
change!

Besides, till grief betray'd her undesign'd,
Th' unlikely thought could scarcely reach his mind,
That eyes so young on years like his should beam
Unwoo'd devotion back for pure esteem.

True she sang to his very soul, and brought
Those trains before him of luxuriant thought,
Which only Music's Heav'n-born art can bring,
To sweep across the mind with angel wing.
Once, as he smiled amidst that waking trance,
She paused o'ercome: he thought it might be chance,

And, when his first suspicions dimly stole,
Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul.
But when he saw his caution gave her pain,
And kindness brought suspense's rack again,
Faith, honour, friendship bound him to unmask
Truths which her timid fondness fear'd to ask.

And yet with gracefully ingenuous power
Her spirit met th' explanatory hour ;—
Ev'n conscious beauty brighten'd in her eyes,
That told she knew their love no vulgar prize ;
And pride, like that of one more woman-grown,
Enlarged her mien, enrich'd her voice's tone.
'Twas then she struck the keys, and music made
That mock'd all skill her hand had e'er display'd :
Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,
She look'd the very Muse of magic sound,
Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow.
Her closing strain composed and calm she play'd,
And sang no words to give its pathos aid ;

But grief seem'd ling'ring in its lengthen'd swell,
And like so many tears the trickling touches fell.
Of CONSTANCE then she heard THEODRIC speak,
And steadfast smoothness still possess'd her cheek;
But when he told her how he oft had plann'd
Of old a journey to their mountain-land,
That might have brought him hither years before,
"Ah! then," she cried, "you knew not England's
shore;

And, had you come,—and wherefore did you not?"
"Yes," he replied, "it would have changed our lot!"
Then burst her tears through pride's restraining
bands,

And with her handkerchief, and both her hands,
She hid her face and wept.—Contrition stung
THEODRIC for the tears his words had wrung.
"But no," she cried, "unsay not what you've said,
Nor grudge one prop on which my pride is stay'd;
To think I could have merited your faith,
Shall be my solace even unto death!"—

“ JULIA,” THEODRIC said, with purposed look
Of firmness, “ my reply deserved rebuke ;
But by your pure and sacred peace of mind,
And by the dignity of womankind,
Swear that when I am gone you 'll do your best
To chase this dream of fondness from your breast.”

Th' abrupt appeal electrified her thought ;—
She look'd to Heav'n, as if its aid she sought,
Dried hastily the tear-drops from her cheek,
And signified the vow she could not speak.

Ere long he communed with her mother mild :
“ Alas !” she said, “ I warn'd —conjured my child,
“ And grieved for this affection from the first,
“ But like fatality it has been nursed ;
“ For when her fill'd eyes on your picture fix'd,
“ And when your name in all she spoke was mix'd,
“ 'Twas hard to chide an over-grateful mind !
“ Then each attempt a likelier choice to find

“ Made only fresh-rejected suitors grieve,
“ And UDOLPH’S pride—perhaps her own—believe
“ That could she meet, she might enchant ev’n you.
“ You came.—I augur’d the event, ’tis true,
“ But how was UDOLPH’S mother to exclude
“ The guest that claim’d our boundless gratitude ?
“ And that unconscious you had cast a spell
“ On JULIA’S peace, my pride refused to tell :
“ Yet in my child’s illusion I have seen,
“ Believe me well, how blameless you have been :
“ Nor can it cancel, howsoe’er it end,
“ Our debt of friendship to our boy’s best friend.”
At night he parted with the aged pair ;
At early morn rose JULIA to prepare
The last repast her hands for him should make ;
And UDOLPH to convoy him o’er the lake.
The parting was to her such bitter grief,
That of her own accord she made it brief ;
But, ling’ring at her window, long survey’d
His boat’s last glimpses melting into shade.

THEODRIC sped to Austria, and achieved
His journey's object. Much was he relieved
When UDOLPH'S letters told that JULIA'S mind
Had borne his loss firm, tranquil, and resign'd.
He took the Rhenish route to England, high
Elate with hopes, fulfill'd their ecstasy,
And interchanged with CONSTANCE'S own breath
The sweet eternal vows that bound their faith.

To paint that being to a grovelling mind
Were like pourtraying pictures to the blind.
'Twas needful ev'n infectiously to feel
Her temper's fond and firm and gladsome zeal,
To share existence with her, and to gain
Sparks from her love's electrifying chain,
Of that pure pride, which less'ning to her breast
Life's ills, gave all its joys a treble zest,
Before the mind completely understood
That mighty truth—how happy are the good!—

Ev'n when her light forsook him, it bequeath'd
Ennobling sorrow ; and her memory breathed
A sweetness that survived her living days
As od'rous scents outlast the censer's blaze.

Or if a trouble dimm'd their golden joy,
'Twas outward dross, and not infused alloy :
Their home knew but affection's looks and speech—
A little Heav'n, above dissension's reach.
But midst her kindred there was strife and gall ;
Save one congenial sister, they were all
Such foils to her bright intellect and grace,
As if she had engross'd the virtue of her race.
Her nature strove th' unnatural feuds to heal,
Her wisdom made the weak to her appeal ;
And tho' the wounds she cured were soon unclosed,
Unwearied still her kindness interposed.

Oft on those errands though she went, in vain,
And home, a blank without her, gave him pain,

He bore her absence for its pious end.—
But public grief his spirit came to bend ;
For war laid waste his native land once more,
And German honour bled at ev'ry pore.
Oh ! were he there, he thought, to rally back
One broken band, or perish in the wrack !
Nor think that CONSTANCE sought to move or melt
His purpose : like herself she spoke and felt :—
“ Your fame is mine, and I will bear all woe
“ Except its loss !—but with you let me go
“ To arm you for, to embrace you from the fight ;
“ Harm will not reach me—hazards will delight !”
He knew those hazards better ; one campaign
In England he conjured her to remain,
And she express'd assent, although her heart
In secret had resolved *they* should not part.

How oft the wisest on misfortune's shelves
Are wreck'd by errors most unlike themselves !

That little fault, *that* fraud of love's romance,
That plan's concealment, wrought their whole mis-
chance.

He knew it not preparing to embark,
But felt extinct his comfort's latest spark,
When, midst those number'd days, she made repair
Again to kindred worthless of her care.
'Tis true she said the tidings she should write
Would make her absence on his heart sit light ;
But, haplessly, reveal'd not yet her plan,
And left him in his home a lonely man.

Thus damp'd in thoughts, he mused upon the
past :

'Twas long since he had heard from UDOLPH last,
And deep misgivings on his spirit fell,
That all with UDOLPH's household was not well.
'Twas that too true prophetic mood of fear
That augurs griefs inevitably near,

Yet makes them not less startling to the mind,
When come. Least look'd-for then of human kind,
His UDOLPH ('twas, he thought at first, his sprite)
With mournful joy that morn surprised his sight.
How changed was UDOLPH ! Scarce THEODRIC
durst

Inquire his tidings,—he reveal'd the worst.

“ At first,” he said, “ as JULIA bade me tell,

“ She bore her fate high-mindedly and well,

“ Resolved from common eyes her grief to hide,

“ And from the world's compassion saved our
pride ;

“ But still her health gave way to secret woe,

“ And long she pined—for broken hearts die slow !

“ Her reason went, but came returning, like

“ The warning of her death-hour—soon to strike ;

“ And all for which she now, poor sufferer ! sighs,

“ Is once to see THEODRIC ere she dies.

“ Why should I come to tell you this caprice ?

“ Forgive me ! for my mind has lost its peace.

“ I blame myself, and ne’er shall cease to blame,
“ That my insane ambition for the name
“ Of brother to THEODRIC, founded all
“ Those high-built hopes that crush’d her by their
 fall.

“ I made her slight a mother’s counsel sage,
“ But now my parents droop with grief and age ;
“ And though my sister’s eyes mean no rebuke,
“ They overwhelm me with their dying look.
“ The journey ’s long, but you are full of ruth ;
“ And she who shares your heart, and knows its
 truth,

“ Has faith in your affection, far above
“ The fear of a poor dying object’s love.”—
“ She has, my UDOLPH,” he replied, “ ’tis true ;
“ And oft we talk of JULIA—oft of you.”

Their converse came abruptly to a close ;
For scarce could each his troubled looks compose,
When visitants, to CONSTANCE near akin,
(In all but traits of soul,) were usher’d in.

They brought not her, nor midst their kindred band
The sister who alone, like her, was bland ;
But said—and smiled to see it give him pain—
That CONSTANCE would a fortnight yet remain.
Vex'd by their tidings, and the haughty view
They cast on UDOLPH as the youth withdrew,
THEODRIC blamed his CONSTANCE's intent.—
The demons went, and left him as they went,
To read, when they were gone beyond recall,
A note from her loved hand, explaining all.
She said, that with their house she only staid
That parting peace might with them all be made ;
But pray'd for love to share his foreign life,
And shun all future chance of kindred strife.
He wrote with speed, his soul's consent to say :
The letter miss'd her on her homeward way.
In six hours CONSTANCE was within his arms :
Moved, flush'd, unlike her wonted calm of charms,
And breathless—with uplifted hands outspread—
Burst into tears upon his neck, and said,—

“ I knew that those who brought your message
laugh’d,

“ With poison of their own to point the shaft ;

“ And this my own kind sister thought, yet loth

“ Confess’d she fear’d ’twas true you had been wroth.

“ But here you are, and smile on me : my pain

“ Is gone, and CONSTANCE is herself again.”

His ecstasy, it may be guess’d, was much :

Yet pain’s extreme and pleasure’s seem’d to touch.

What pride ! embracing beauty’s perfect mould ;

What terror ! lest his few rash words, mistold,

Had agonized her pulse to fever’s heat :

But calm’d again so soon it healthful beat,

And such sweet tones were in her voice’s sound,

Composed herself, she breathed composure round.

Fair being ! with what sympathetic grace

She heard, bewail’d, and pleaded JULIA’s case ;

Implored he would her dying wish attend,

“ And go,” she said, “ to-morrow with your friend ;

I'll wait for your return on England's shore,
And then we'll cross the deep, and part no more."

To-morrow both his soul's compassion drew
To JULIA's call, and CONSTANCE urged anew
That not to heed her now would be to bind
A load of pain for life upon his mind.
Hewent with UDOLPH—from his CONSTANCE went—
Stifling, alas! a dark presentiment
Some ailment lurk'd, ev'n whilst she smiled, to mock
His fears of harm from yester-morning's shock.
Meanwhile a faithful page he singled out,
To watch at home, and follow straight his route,
If aught of threaten'd change her health should show:
—With UDOLPH then he reach'd the house of woe.

That winter's eve how darkly Nature's brow
Scowl'd on the scenes it lights so lovely now!
The tempest, raging o'er the realms of ice,
Shook fragments from the rifted precipice;

And whilst their falling echoed to the wind,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord join'd,
While white yon water's foam was raised in clouds,
That whirl'd like spirits wailing in their shrouds :
Without was Nature's elemental din—
And beauty died, and friendship wept, within !

Sweet JULIA, though her fate was finish'd half,
Still knew him—smiled on him with feeble laugh—
And blest him, till she drew her latest sigh !
But lo ! while UDOLPH's bursts of agony,
And age's tremulous wailings, round him rose,
What accents pierced him deeper yet than those !
'Twas tidings, by his English messenger,
Of CONSTANCE—brief and terrible they were.
She still was living when the page set out
From home, but whether now was left in doubt.
Poor JULIA ! saw he then thy death's relief—
Stunn'd into stupor more than wrung with grief ?

It was not strange ; for in the human breast
Two master-passions cannot co-exist,
And that alarm which now usurp'd his brain
Shut out not only peace, but other pain.
'Twas fancying CONSTANCE underneath the shroud
That cover'd JULIA made him first weep loud,
And tear himself away from them that wept.
Fast hurrying homeward, night nor day he slept,
Till, launch'd at sea, he dreamt that his soul's saint
Clung to him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint,
O'er cataracts of blood. Awake, he bless'd
The shore ; nor hope left utterly his breast,
Till reaching home, terrific omen ! there
The straw-laid street preluded his despair —
The servant's look — the table that reveal'd
His letter sent to CONSTANCE last, still seal'd,
Though speech and hearing left him, told too clear
That he had now to suffer — not to fear.
He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel —
A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel ;

Her death's cause — he might make his peace with
Heaven,

Absolved from guilt, but never self-forgiven.

The ocean has its ebbings — so has grief;
'Twas vent to anguish, if 'twas not relief,
To lay his brow ev'n on her death-cold cheek:
Then first he heard her one kind sister speak :
She bade him, in the name of Heaven, forbear
With self-reproach to deepen his despair :
“ 'Twas blame,” she said, “ I shudder to relate,
But none of your's, that caused our darling's fate ;
Her mother (must I call her such ?) foresaw,
Should CONSTANCE leave the land, she would with-
draw

Our House's charm against the world's neglect—
The only gem that drew it some respect.
Hence, when you went, she came and vainly spoke
To change her purpose—grew incensed, and broke

With execrations from her kneeling child.
Start not ! your angel from her knee rose mild,
Fear'd that she should not long the scene outlive,
Yet bade ev'n you th' unnatural one forgive.
Till then her ailment had been slight, or none ;
But fast she droop'd, and fatal pains came on :
Foreseeing their event, she dictated
And sign'd these words for you." The letter said —

“ THEODRIC, this is destiny above
Our power to baffle ; bear it then, my love !
Rave not to learn the usage I have borne,
For one true sister left me not forlorn ;
And though you 're absent in another land,
Sent from me by my own well-meant command,
Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine
As these clasp'd hands in blessing you now join :
Shape not imagined horrors in my fate—
Ev'n now my sufferings are not very great ;

And when your grief's first transports shall subside,
I call upon your strength of soul and pride
To pay my memory, if 'tis worth the debt,
Love's glorying tribute — not forlorn regret :
I charge my name with power to conjure up
Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup.
My pard'ning angel, at the gates of Heaven,
Shall look not more regard than you have given
To me ; and our life's union has been clad
In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.
Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast ?
Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past ?
No ! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest ;
And let contentment on your spirit shine,
As if its peace were still a part of mine :
For if you war not proudly with your pain,
For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.
But I conjure your manliness to bear
My loss with noble spirit — not despair :

I ask you by our love to promise this,
And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss,—
The latest from my living lips for yours.”—

Words that will solace him while life endures :
For though his spirit from affliction's surge
Could ne'er to life, as life had been, emerge,
Yet still that mind whose harmony elate
Rang sweetness, ev'n beneath the crush of fate,—
That mind in whose regard all things were placed
In views that soften'd them, or lights that graced,
That soul's example could not but dispense
A portion of its own bless'd influence ;
Invoking him to peace, and that self-sway
Which Fortune cannot give, nor take away :
And though he mourn'd her long, 'twas with such
 woe,
As if her spirit watch'd him still below.

NOTES.

LINE 3. (p. 185.)

That gave the glacier tops their richest glow.

THE sight of the glaciers of Switzerland, I am told, has often disappointed travellers who had perused the accounts of their splendour and sublimity given by Bourrit and other describers of Swiss scenery. Possibly Bourrit, who had spent his life in an enamoured familiarity with the beauties of Nature in Switzerland, may have leaned to the romantic side of description. One can pardon a man for a sort of idolatry of those imposing objects of Nature which heighten our ideas of the bounty of Nature or Providence, when we reflect that the glaciers—those seas of ice—are not only sublime, but useful: they are the inexhaustible reservoirs which

supply the principal rivers of Europe; and their annual melting is in proportion to the summer heat which dries up those rivers and makes them need that supply.

That the picturesque grandeur of the glaciers should sometimes disappoint the traveller, will not seem surprising to any one who has been much in a mountainous country, and recollects that the beauty of Nature in such countries is not only variable, but capriciously dependent on the weather and sunshine. There are about four hundred different glaciers,* according to the computation of M. Bourrit, between Mont Blanc and the frontiers of the Tyrol. The full effect of the most lofty and picturesque of them can, of course, only be produced by the richest and warmest light of the atmosphere; and the very heat which illuminates them must have a changing influence on many of their appearances. I imagine it is owing to this circumstance, namely, the casualty and changeableness of the appearance of some of the glaciers, that the impressions made by them on the minds of

* Occupying, if taken together, a surface of 130 square leagues.

other and more transient travellers have been less enchanting than those described by M. Bourrit. On one occasion M. Bourrit seems even to speak of a past phenomenon, and certainly one which no other spectator attests in the same terms, when he says, that there once existed between the Kandel Steig and Lauterbrun, "a passage amidst singular glaciers, sometimes resembling magical towns of ice, with pilasters, pyramids, columns, and obelisks, reflecting to the sun the most brilliant hues of the finest gems."—M. Bourrit's description of the Glacier of the Rhone is quite enchanting:—"To form an idea," he says, "of this superb spectacle, figure in your mind a scaffolding of transparent ice, filling a space of two miles, rising to the clouds, and darting flashes of light like the sun. Nor were the several parts less magnificent and surprising. One might see, as it were. the streets and buildings of a city, erected in the form of an amphitheatre, and embellished with pieces of water, cascades, and torrents. The effects were as prodigious as the immensity and the height;—the most beautiful azure—the most splendid white—the regular appearance of a thousand pyramids of ice, are more

easy to be imagined than described.”—*Bourrit*,
iii. 163.

LINE 9. (p. 185.)

From heights brouzed by the bounding bouquetin.

Laborde, in his “*Tableau de la Suisse*,” gives a curious account of this animal, the wild sharp cry and elastic movements of which must heighten the picturesque appearance of its haunts.—“*Nature*,” says Laborde, “has destined it to mountains covered with snow: if it is not exposed to keen cold, it becomes blind. Its agility in leaping much surpasses that of the chamois, and would appear incredible to those who have not seen it. There is not a mountain so high or steep to which it will not trust itself, provided it has room to place its feet; it can scramble along the highest wall, if its surface be rugged.”

LINE 15. (p. 186.)

Enamell'd moss.

The moss of Switzerland, as well as that of the Tyrol, is remarkable for a bright smoothness approaching to the appearance of enamel.

LINE 136. (p. 192.)

How dear seem'd ev'n the waste and wild Shreck-horn.

The Schreck-horn means in German, the Peak of Terror.

LINE 141. (p. 193.)

Blindfold his native hills he could have known.

I have here availed myself of a striking expression of the Emperor Napoleon respecting his recollections of Corsica, which is recorded in Las Cases's History of the Emperor's Abode at St. Helena.

TRANSLATIONS.

SONG OF HYBRIAS THE CRETAN.

MY wealth 's a burly spear and brand,
And a right good shield of hides untann'd,
Which on my arm I buckle :

With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
And all around me truckle.

But your wights that také no pride to wield
A massy spear and well-made shield,
Nor joy to draw the sword :

Oh, I bring those heartless, hapless drones,
Down in a trice on their marrow-bones,
To call me King and Lord.

FRAGMENT

FROM THE GREEK OF ALCMAN.

THE mountain summits sleep: glens, cliffs, and
caves,

Are silent—all the black earth's reptile brood—

The bees—the wild beasts of the mountain wood:

In depths beneath the dark red ocean's waves

Its monsters rest, whilst wrapt in bower and spray

Each bird is hush'd that stretch'd its pinions to

the day.

MARTIAL ELEGY

FROM THE GREEK OF TYRTÆUS.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land !
But oh ! what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields !
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam ;
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe ;
While scorn'd and scowl'd upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonouring manhood's
form,

All ills shall cleave to him : — Affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand
To save our children : — fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem th' unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant
might;

Nor lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unblest'd)

To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevel'd in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years :
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
For having perish'd in the front of war.

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION

FROM MEDEA.

Σκαιοὺς δὲ λεγὼν, κούδ' ἐν τι σοφούς
Τοὺς προσθε βροτοὺς οὐκ ἂν ἀμαρτοῖς.

Medea, v. 194. p. 63. Glasg. edit.

TELL me, ye bards, whose skill sublime
First charm'd the ear of youthful Time,
With numbers wrapt in heavenly fire,
Who bade delighted echo swell
The trembling transports of the lyre,
The murmur of the shell—

Why to the burst of Joy alone
Accords sweet Music's soothing tone?
Why can no bard, with magic strain,
In slumbers steep the heart of pain?
While varied tones obey your sweep,
The mild, the plaintive, and the deep,
Bends not despairing Grief to hear
Your golden lute, with ravish'd ear?
Oh! has your sweetest shell no power to bind
The fiercer pangs that shake the mind,
And lull the wrath at whose command
Murder bares her gory hand?
When flush'd with joy, the rosy throng
Weave the light dance, ye swell the song!
Cease, ye vain warblers! cease to charm
The breast with other raptures warm!
Cease! till your hand with magic strain
In slumbers steep the heart of pain!

SPEECH OF THE CHORUS IN THE SAME
TRAGEDY,

TO DISSUADE MEDEA FROM HER PURPOSE OF
PUTTING HER CHILDREN TO DEATH, AND
FLYING FOR PROTECTION TO ATHENS.

O HAGGARD queen ! to Athens dost thou guide
Thy glowing chariot, steep'd in kindred gore ;
Or seek to hide thy damned parricide
Where Peace and Mercy dwell for evermore ?

The land where Truth, pure, precious, and sublime,
Woos the deep silence of sequester'd bowers,
And warriors, matchless since the first of time,
Rear their bright banners o'er unconquer'd towers !

Where joyous youth, to Music's mellow strain,
Twines in the dance with nymphs for ever fair,
While Spring eternal on the liliated plain,
Waves amber radiance through the fields of air !

The tuneful Nine (so sacred legends tell)
First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes among;
Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell ;
Still in your vales they swell the choral song !

But there the tuneful, chaste, Pierian fair,
The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus, now
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
Waved in bright auburn o'er her polish'd brow !

ANTISTROPHE I.

Where silent vales, and glades of green array,
The murmuring wreaths of cool Cephisus lave,
There, as the muse hath sung, at noon of day,
The Queen of Beauty bow'd to taste the wave ;

And blest the stream, and breathed across the land
The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bowers ;
And there the sister Loves, a smiling band,
Crown'd with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers !

“ And go,” she cries, “ in yonder valleys rove,
With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illumine ;
Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love,
Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender
bloom !

“ Entwine, with myrtle chains, your soft control,
To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind !
With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom's soul,
And mould to grace ethereal Virtue's mind.”

STROPHE II.

The land where Heaven's own hallow'd waters play,
Where friendship binds the generous and the good,
Say, shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
Unholy woman ! with thy hands embued

In thine own children's gore? Oh! ere they bleed,

Let Nature's voice thy ruthless heart appal!

Pause at the bold, irrevocable deed—

The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall fall

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall
sting,

When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear!

Where shalt thou sink, when lingering echoes ring

The screams of horror in thy tortured ear?

No! let thy bosom melt to Pity's cry,—

In dust we kneel—by sacred Heaven impore —

O! stop thy lifted arm, ere yet they die,

Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Say, how shalt thou that barbarous soul assume,

Undamp'd by horror at the daring plan?

Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom?

Or hands to finish what thy wrath began?

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,
And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep,
Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,
Charm thee to pensive thought—and bid thee weep?

When the young suppliants clasp their parent dear,
Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless prayer,—
Aye! thou shalt melt;—and many a heart-shed tear
Gush o'er the harden'd features of despair!

Nature shall throb in every tender string,—
Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny;—
Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling
The blade, undrench'd in blood's eternal dye,

CHORUS.

Hallow'd Earth! with indignation
Mark, oh mark, the murderous deed!
Radiant eye of wide creation,
Watch the damned parricide!

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter
Perpetrate the dire design,
And consign to kindred slaughter
Children of thy golden line !

Shall thy hand, with murder gory,
Cause immortal blood to flow !
Sun of Heaven !—array'd in glory
Rise, forbid, avert the blow !

In the vales of placid gladness
Let no rueful maniac range ;
Chase afar the fiend of Madness,
Wrest the dagger from Revenge !

Say, hast thou, with kind protection,
Rear'd thy smiling race in vain ;
Fostering Nature's fond affection,
Tender cares, and pleasing pain ?

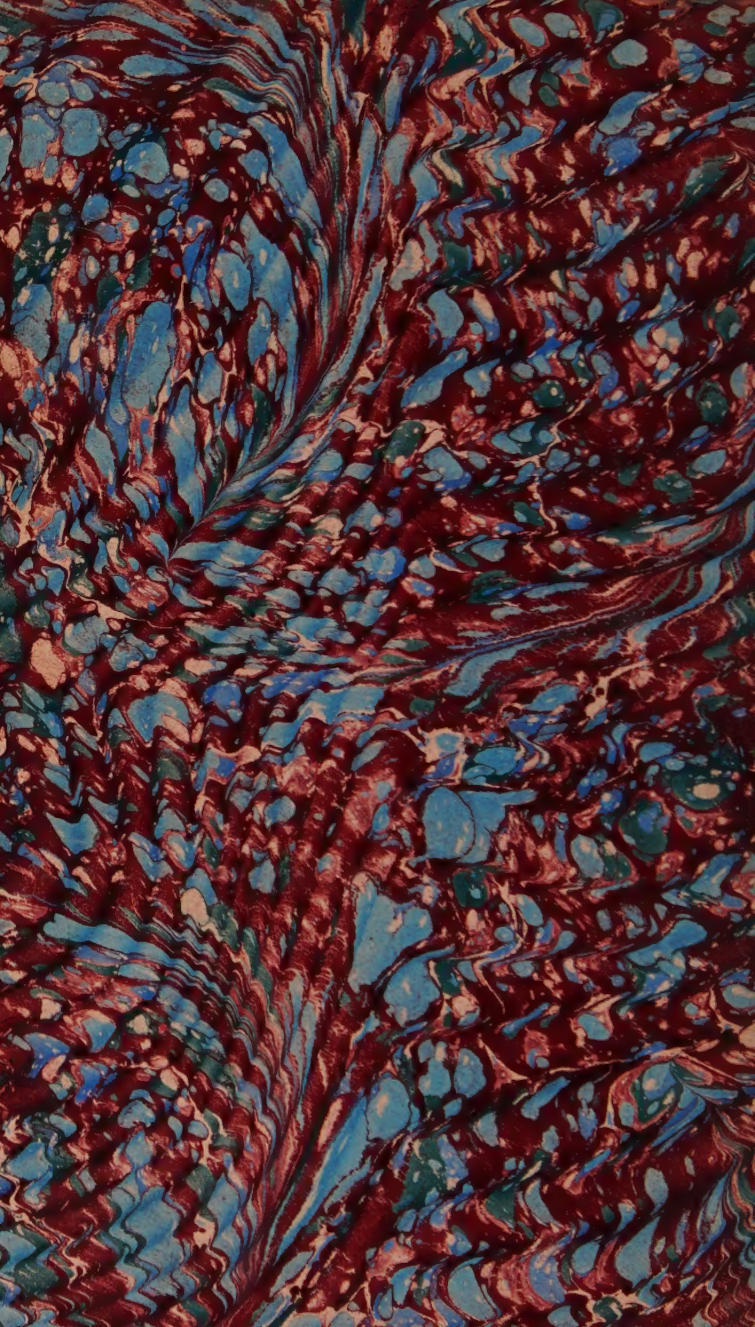
Hast thou on the troubled ocean,
Braved the tempest loud and strong,
Where the waves, in wild commotion,
Roar Cyanean rocks among?

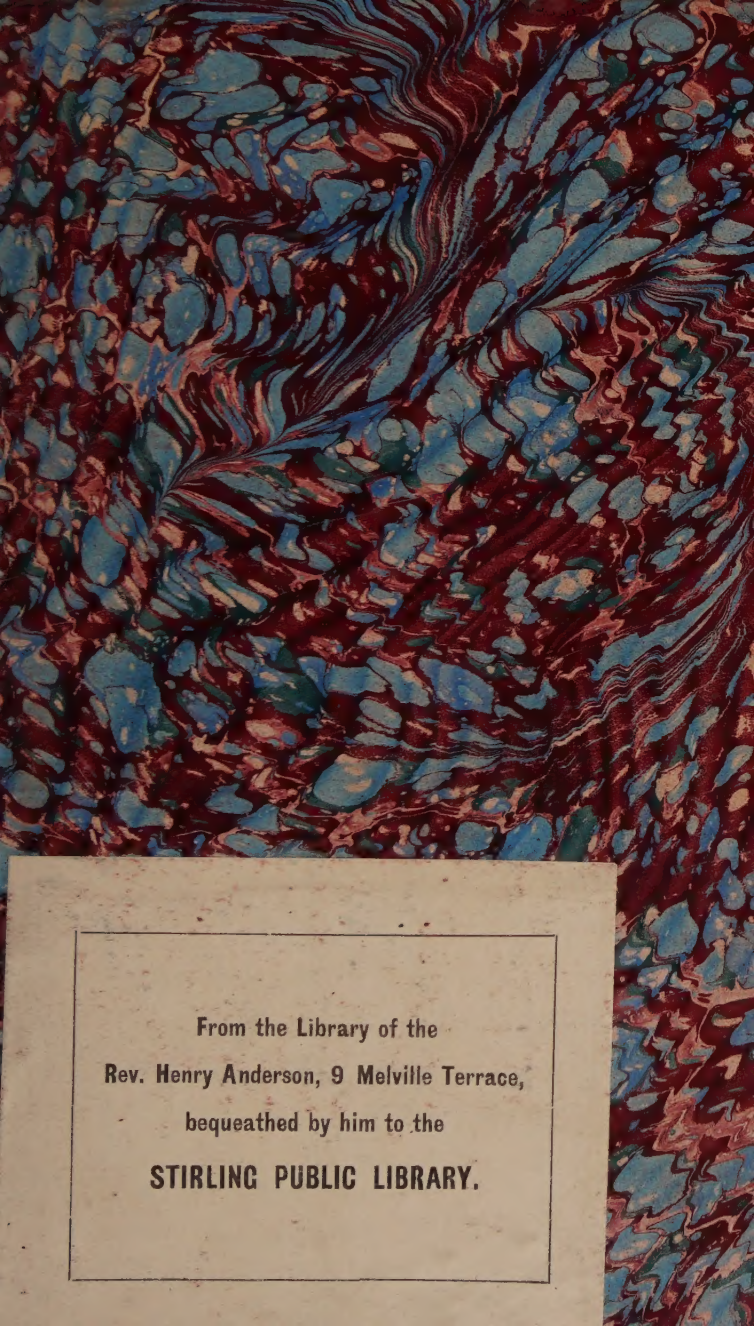
Didst thou roam the paths of danger,
Hymenean joys to prove?
Spare, O sanguinary stranger,
Pledges of thy sacred love!

Shall not Heaven, with indignation,
Watch thee o'er the barb'rous deed?
Shalt thou cleanse, with expiation,
Monstrous, murd'rous parricide?

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.







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